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Canon Gore on the Doctrine of Transubstantiation.

II.

EVERY one who has had occasion to study the methods of attack pursued by heretics in their assaults on Catholic dogma will have noticed that one of their favourite devices is to represent the gradual growth of Catholic doctrine as an introduction of fresh dogmas that had never been believed in before. They mistake the absence of definite and exact statement of some Catholic dogma on the part of the Saints and Fathers of the primitive or early centuries of Christianity, for a positive expression of their disbelief in it. They are not satisfied with a virtual assertion of it, or with premises from which it follows by a process of inference; if it is not writ down in so many words, they will have none of it. They forget that until it is called into question, and as long as it is universally accepted with unquestioning faith, there is no occasion for a close definition of it, or for a discussion of the philosophical terms that it is necessary to employ in order to enable the faithful to form an exact idea of its real meaning. In primitive times there was no need for the elaborate theological treatises in which the doctrine of the Incarnation is expounded in all its details and safeguarded from error. The simple words of St. John, *Verbum caro factum est*, were a sufficient statement of the mystery. But when heretic after heretic arose and denied, some the reality of our Lord's Divine, others of His Human Nature, while others confused them together and misstated their mutual relations, it became necessary to employ language which became with every century more definite in detail, and to introduce a number not only of theological questions bearing on the central dogma, but also a number of points of philosophy the right understanding of which was indispensable to a correct belief in it.

So too in the case of Transubstantiation, our Lord's clear statement of the dogma in the words of consecration, "This is

My Body," "This is My Blood," were sufficient warranty for the doctrine for the space of a thousand years and more, and the language of Fathers and theologians is directed rather to stimulate the devotion of the faithful to that august Sacrament than to enforce in detail a correct belief respecting the exact character of the change that took place in the consecrated elements and of the philosophical terms applicable to it. But when Berengarius had once attacked the dogma of the change of the substance of the bread and wine into that of the Body and Blood of Christ, it became necessary not merely to condemn the heretic and define the dogma in terms that set aside his heresy, but to advance for all future time to a new stage of more definite accuracy the theological and philosophical explanation of the Catholic doctrine as it had been held from the beginning.¹

The contention of Berengarius was that there was no substantial change in the bread and wine in virtue of the words of consecration, but only an accidental one: that accidents cannot exist apart from their subject; that the Body of Christ cannot be corporally present in the Eucharist, else there would be present only a part and not the whole of the Body. The mistake into which he fell, is one that is common to almost all who attack the doctrine of Transubstantiation. He confused together a *corporal* presence and a *carnal* presence. He did not understand, or professed not to understand, the Catholic doctrine, that although the Sacred Host in the hands of the priest is the true Body of Jesus Christ, yet when he breaks the Host, the Body of Christ is not simultaneously broken, but remains whole and undivided in each of the several

¹ One of the characteristic notes of heresy is the attempt to evade the definiteness of Catholic dogma by representing such definition as unnecessary, and to fall back on a mere pious belief, which accepts the words of our Lord without any attempt to give them precise and determinate meaning. A good instance of this may be found in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* (v. 253), regarding the Blessed Eucharist. "Why," he asks, "do we vainly trouble ourselves with so fierce contentions whether by Consubstantiation or else by Transubstantiation the Sacrament itself is first possessed with Christ or no? A thing which can in no way either further or hinder us howsoever it stand, because our participation of Christ in this Sacrament dependeth on the co-operation of His omnipotent power which maketh it His Body and Blood to us, whether with change or without alteration of the elements such as they imagine, we need not greatly care to inquire." This sort of language opens the door at once to his own heretical assertion that "the real presence of Christ's Most Blessed Body and Blood is not to be sought for in the Sacrament, but in the worthy receiver of the Sacrament," (*Ibid.* p. 352.)

parts. The Catholic doctrine on this point is exquisitely expressed in the words of the *Lauda Sion* :

Fracto demum Sacramento,
Ne vacilles, sed memento
Tantum esse sub fragmento,
Quantum toto tegitur.
Nulla rei fit scissura,
Signi tantum fit fractura,
Qua nec status, nec statura
Signati minuitur.

The same truth is virtually expressed in the decree in which Berengarius condemns and anathematizes the doctrine he had put forward in opposition to the doctrine of the Church. We will give the passage in his recantation which bears on this point, as it is of great importance to our subject, and is completely misinterpreted by Canon Gore, who calls it "an appalling decree," and tells us that it is a plain proof that "Transubstantiation was held at that time in the Church both fanatically and materialistically."¹

The passage to which we refer runs as follows: "I profess with heart and mouth . . . that the bread and wine which are laid on the altar, after the consecration are not only a Sacrament, but also the true Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that they are sensibly handled not only in a Sacrament, but also in truth, by the hands of the priest, and are broken and pressed by the teeth of the faithful; and I swear this by the holy and consubstantial Trinity, and these holy Gospels of Christ."

The document is an excellent instance of the careful accuracy of the dogmatic statements drawn up by the authorities of the Catholic Church. It does not assert that the bread and wine becomes the Body and Blood of Christ, and *It* is sensibly handled, broken, and pressed by the teeth of the faithful, but that *they* (the bread and wine in which the change has taken place) are thus broken, &c. The former of the two statements would be worthy indeed of the inhabitants of Capharnaum, who imagined that our Lord when He promised

¹ We confess we do not exactly know what meaning Canon Gore intends to attach to these two terrible adverbs. By *fanatically* we suppose he means *firmly* and *dogmatically*, as opposed to the misty and uncertain belief of Anglicans. By *materialistically* he can only mean, if he means anything at all, that the Body of Christ is in the Blessed Eucharist subject to material laws, and is divided when the Sacred Host is divided, a doctrine condemned and anathematized by the Catholic Church.

that His disciples should eat His Flesh and drink His Blood, intended to make cannibals of them. To attribute it to Catholic theologians, and those of the highest rank, is too grotesque a supposition for any men of ordinary intelligence to entertain, especially as every Catholic writer who has treated of the subject has taken the utmost pains to explain that the Body of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist is removed from all sensible and material influences. What is conveyed by the above decree is that though the Body of Christ is in the hands of the priest, yet it is not *sensibly* handled by him, inasmuch as it is out of the sphere of which the senses take cognizance. What is *sensibly* handled by the priest is the bread and wine which has been substantially changed into the Body and Blood of Christ, but still remains bread and wine as far as the senses can take cognizance of it. In the same way this same bread and wine thus substantially changed is broken by the hands of the priest, but when he breaks it he does not break the Body of Christ, but he breaks that which remains bread and wine as far as all sensible changes are concerned, though being at the same time the true Body of Christ, so that when it is broken, each several part into which it is divided is none the less the Body of Christ, whole and entire, than was the undivided whole. So again that which is pressed by the teeth of the faithful is indeed in substance the true Body of Christ, but it is not *as* the Body of Christ, in so far as it is subject to sense, that the teeth press or crush it (*atterunt*). Whatever happens to it in the sphere of the sensible affects it only as far as the sensible species are concerned.

We must always remember, as we shall explain presently, that these species have an objective reality of their own, in virtue of which that which as regards its *substance* is above and beyond all sense is still in these its *accidents* subject to all the influences that sensible and real bread and wine is subject to. To all this we have an almost exact parallel in the language applicable to the Sacred Humanity of our Blessed Lord. When we say that God suffered on the Cross, we mean that He who suffered on the Cross was God, but we do not mean that He suffered *as God*. When we say that He was born, that He advanced in age, that He was hungry, that He sorrowed for sin, that He died for us, we do not thereby become anthropomorphists. We simply apply to God words which are not applicable to Him as God, but are applicable to Him in

virtue of the human nature that He had assumed. So when we say that the bread which has been changed into the Body of Christ is in the Blessed Eucharist sensibly handled by the priest, we do not mean that as the Body of Christ it is subject to sensible influences, but in virtue of the accidents of bread which still cling to it.

Yet in the face of all this, Canon Gore has the boldness to assert that "the sense of the passage [in the decree quoted above] as a whole leaves no doubt that it is the Body and Blood which are declared to be the subject of the physical acts mentioned."¹ He might just as well say that when we say that "the Eternal Word who became man is consubstantial with the Father," the words leave no doubt that man is thus declared to be equal to God.

After this strange misunderstanding of the decree against Berengarius, we are not surprised that Canon Gore is no less at fault in a sort of running commentary which he gives us of the treatise of Witmund on the same subject. The selected quotations which he gives from this book are eminently calculated to mislead, and his remarks are still more unfair, and moreover show clearly that he has not in the least grasped the true teaching of the Catholic Church on the subject. Thus he tells us,² that "Witmund does not shrink from holding it possible that Christ may divide His Body and Blood in portions to the faithful," an ambiguous expression eminently (we hope not purposely) calculated to give a false colour to the words of the original. What Witmund says is, "Who would venture to declare it impossible that Christ has it in His power to divide His Body by parts?"³ a supposed exercise of His almighty power which we scarcely think even Canon Gore, with all his Nestorian tendencies, would venture to deny to the Son of God. He tells us again that Witmund "denies that the elements are subject to the ordinary processes of digestion," whereas the words that he quotes say nothing of the sort, but that "the incorruptible food, which is the Body of the Lord, is not subject to the processes in question."⁴ He falsely attributes to Witmund

¹ P. 257.

² P. 260.

³ "Ut corpus suum per partes ipse dividere possit, . . . quis impossibile hoc ardeat affirmare?" (apud Gore, p. 260.)

⁴ The words of Witmund are: "Cibum incorruptibilem, quod est Corpus Domini, cum a mortalibus editur, secessus necessitatem pati, nefas est arbitrari." The reader who has followed the explanation we have given above of the Church's doctrine will see that Witmund carefully distinguishes, and Canon Gore confuses together, the corruptible species and the incorruptible substance.

the opinion that the sacramental elements cease at their reception to retain their material appearances, whereas what his author really says is that the Divine Mystery, when it has been faithfully and duly received, is wholly transformed from that which was the object of sense (*i.e.*, the Body of Christ under the appearance of bread) into that which it already was in part (*i.e.*, into Christ Himself present in the heart of the recipient), and so sanctifies the souls and minds of the recipients. When our Lord promises to the faithful that "he who eats My Flesh and drinks My Blood, dwells in Me and I in him," what is promised to them is not the vile process of digestion, but the abode of Christ in the soul through the means of the Sacrament.¹

But it is mere waste of time to follow Canon Gore through all his misconceptions and misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and of those who expound it. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; and this is more true of theology than of any other subject, on account of the issues at stake. Canon Gore, like the great majority of Anglicans, has never really assimilated the principles of Catholic theology, but has merely picked up certain scraps of Catholic doctrine, which he views under the false light of his own preconceived ideas. Under this light he reads and misinterprets the Fathers and theologians of the Church, pulling down and not building up, sowing the seeds of scepticism by seeking to divert men from the only system which can satisfy the reason and stand the test of careful scrutiny, making no attempt to substitute for it a theory of his own, but leaving us completely in the dark as to what he would have us believe, whether the doctrine of the Sacramentarians, which he virtually attributes to St. Augustine, or some sort of accidental change such as is wrought in all material objects that are duly blessed, or the Lutheran doctrine of Consubstantiation.

We now come to the philosophical theory which underlies all the modern attacks on the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The Catholic doctrine of substance and accident, is that a substance is that the nature of which is to exist of itself (*per se*), while an accident is that the nature of which is to inhere in

¹ "Ubi [*i.e.*, in the words of Christ] ut cunctis sanum sapientibus patenter liquet, non digestionis obscenitas sed divine per sacramentum mansionis promittitur negotium fidelibus; ac proinde divinum mysterium fideliter atque competenter acceptum, et in id quod ex parte jam erat ab eo quod visui subiacebat exteriori divinitus ex toto transformatum, sumentium quoque animas mentesque sanctificat." (Gore, pp. 263, 264.)

something else. Thus *man* is a substance, *risibility* is an accident. A substance is not, as some have misrepresented the Catholic doctrine to be, an unknown substratum in which the accidents inhere, but it is the thing itself, connaturally (though not necessarily) manifesting itself in its properties or accidents. The modern doctrine is that the substance is nothing more, objectively in itself, than the sum of the accidents; the adventitious complement which separates substance from its accidents, and distinguishes a substance from a mere collection of attributes, being supplied by the human mind. This modern doctrine was first started, though in ambiguous and hesitating language, by Locke. He is, however, inconsistent with himself, in some passages asserting, and in others denying, any objective reality to that which constitutes the difference between a substance and a mere bundle of attributes or accidents. What Locke states obscurely, hinting at it rather than stating it, is clearly and distinctly put forward by those who followed him, and more especially by Hume, and what is called the Scottish school of metaphysicians. They assert that substance has no reality in the world outside, as distinct from what we term its attributes or properties. We know nothing, they say, but the modifications of what is called substance; strip these off and nothing remains behind. Take away from man the attributes characteristic of man, and you have nothing but a blank.

It is scarcely necessary to point out how completely sceptical this notion of substance is. It belies the evidence of our senses, and sets at nought a fundamental conviction of the human mind. If nothing exists outside us except bundles of attributes, bound together by nothing except the law of association, or some mental necessity which compels us to give to them a supposititious unity, then every sort of reality disappears both in Heaven and earth, and we become either idealists or sceptics pure and simple. It is with these sceptics that Canon Gore throws in his lot, in order that he may thus have another stone to fling at the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. He tells us that "this doctrine postulates the existence of a substance in each object distinct from all the qualities by which it can make itself known, a hypothesis of which there is and could be no proof short of Divine revelation, and which human thought has quite outgrown."¹ Elsewhere he says: "When you distinguish substance or being from accidents or qualities in

¹ P. 270.

each object, and postulate a separation of the two elements, you are using the terms of a particular metaphysical theory alien to common thought, and transitory even in the metaphysical schools. All men at all times recognize the fact of grades and kinds of being. Only a few philosophers at special periods have imagined that the being of a thing is something distinct from the sum of its attributes, and they could hardly get a hearing in the philosophical world of to-day."¹ Yes, in the philosophical world outside the Catholic Church, where the philosophy of Aristotle and St. Thomas has been replaced by the multifarious systems of Locke and Hume, of Reid and Hamilton, of Mill and Bain and Herbert Spencer. Accept their principles, and we are quite ready to concede that Transubstantiation becomes a philosophical absurdity. But not where Aristotelian metaphysics still prevail, and the only system of philosophy holds its ground which is proof against the attacks of a corroding scepticism.

This character of objective reality is not confined to the substance of the objects around us; it also extends to their sensible properties. When the substance of the bread and wine gives place to that of the Body and Blood of Christ, it does not at all follow that there is no objective reality in that of which our senses take cognizance. It is not through some strange illusion that what we look upon in the Sacred Host, and touch and taste, still makes upon our senses the impression of bread. It is bread as far as the senses are concerned. There has taken place in it no sensible change whatsoever. As respects that which belongs to the realm of sense, bread it was before the consecration and bread it remains after the sacred words have been spoken, and after faith has declared that there is really, truly, and substantially present in a little wafer the Divine Son of God. The senses recognize that which is the object of sense, the visible, palpable, tangible species of bread and wine; faith recognizes that which alone is the object of faith, the invisible, intangible, impalpable Body of the Son of God. The senses pass their verdict on that which alone lies within the purview of sense, the *sacramentum* or external sign of the Divine substance which underlies the veil that conceals it; faith passes its verdict on that which lies only within the purview of faith, the *res sacramenti*, the thing signified by external and sensible species. The *sacramentum* and the *res*

¹ P. 272.

sacramenti have each its own objective reality ; but those realities belong to spheres of being entirely distinct one from the other : the one material, the other beyond the ordinary laws of matter ; the one natural, the other supernatural ; the one carnal, the other spiritual.

This distinction appears most clearly in the pages of the Fathers and theologians of the Catholic Church, and they all of them assert most unhesitatingly the objective reality of the species of bread and wine in the Most Holy Sacrament. Thus, *e.g.*, St. Irenæus calls it an earthly object (*res terrena*), Origen the very material thing (*αὐτὸ τὸ ὑλικόν*), St. Chrysostom the object of sense (*αἰσθητὰ πράγματα*) as distinguished from that which is perceived by the understanding of faith ; St. Ephrem the sensible substance of bread and wine (*ἄρτου καὶ οἴνου αἰσθητὴν οὐσίαν*), Theodoret the permanent nature of bread and wine.

This assertion of the reality of the sacramental species was of special importance in face of the heresy of the Monophysites, who abused the doctrine of the substantial conversion of the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, to support their theory of the Human Nature of Christ being changed into the Divine, by reason of which they alleged that the sensible properties of our Lord's Sacred Body were merely imaginary, and had no objective reality. The Catholic writers, on the other hand, while they agreed with the Monophysites that the whole substance of the bread and wine was converted into the Body and Blood of Christ, yet at the same time most strenuously asserted the objective existence of the species of bread and wine after the consecration, and thence inferred the reality of our Lord's Sacred Humanity which still remains in its proper nature together with His Divinity in one Divine Person.

Yet this argument, like every other argument from analogy, has no strictly logical force, and is used by the Fathers rather by way of illustration than in proof of their doctrine of the Incarnation. *Omnis comparatio claudicat*, and the two Natures existing side by side and united together under the Personality of the Divine Word, must not be perverted into an argument for Consubstantiation. The fact that the Incarnation produced no change whatever in the nature of the Divine Word, as contrasted with the change or conversion or transmutation that is wrought in the substance of the bread and wine at the consecration, brings out most clearly the limited character of the analogy,

and the wide gulf that separates the two doctrines. If we are to argue from the two natures in our Lord to the existence of two substances in the Consecrated Host, we shall have to go still further, and blasphemously assert that a change was wrought in the Divine Nature of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity by His assumption of the nature of man.

This brings us face to face with Canon Gore's ingenious invention as to the way in which Transubstantiation came to be accepted by the whole of the Catholic world. We will quote his own words, as they are an excellent instance of the strange devices to which Anglicans are compelled to resort in order to discredit Catholic doctrines. "Throughout the period," he says,¹ "during which the doctrine of Transubstantiation was in controversy, the reality of our Lord's manhood, and the principle of the Incarnation which its reality expresses, were very inadequately held. The dogmas indeed were retained, but their meaning was little considered. What has been already described as Nihilianism was the current mode of thought concerning the Incarnation; that is to say, the manhood of Christ was regarded almost exclusively as the veil of the Godhead, and as the channel of its communication."

Now what Canon Gore means by Nihilianism is the false theory of the Monophysite heretics, whose assertion that in Christ there was one nature and one only, carried with it a further assertion of the unreal character of our Lord's Sacred Humanity. It was formulated in the proposition, *Quod Christus non sit aliquid secundum quod est homo*, a proposition which was condemned by Alexander III. in 1177. To impute Nihilianism, as Canon Gore does to the whole Christian world of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, is a charge the audacity of which is only equalled by the complete absence of any sort of foundation for it. To accuse the Christian Church throughout the world of being tainted with one of the most deadly heresies that ever prevailed respecting the Incarnation, is in itself enough to discredit the author of the accusation in the eyes of all those who believe the truth of our Lord's words, promising that the Spirit of Truth should preserve His Church from all error, and guide it into all truth. We find it difficult to account for such a reckless statement on the part of a man of Canon Gore's ability, or rather we should find it difficult to account for it, were it not for the strong Nestorian

¹ P. 279.

tendency which is noticeable in all that Canon Gore has written respecting the Son of God made Man. When a man sees everything through glasses which distort the objects which he is contemplating, that which is straight seems to him crooked, and that which is crooked seems straight. The truth is, not that the Christian world was tainted with a disbelief in or depreciation of the reality of our Lord's Sacred Humanity; but that Canon Gore himself, almost by a necessity of his position, is tainted by, we will not say a disbelief in, but a very considerable depreciation of, the efficacy and power of our Lord's Godhead. It was this unhappy tendency, manifesting itself in the pages of his work on the Incarnation, which drew forth from Canon Liddon the strong protest with which our readers are perhaps familiar; this same tendency again appears in his Essay on "The Consciousness of our Lord." We have therefore no reason to wonder that Canon Gore finds fault with the orthodox statement of mediæval theologians as to the true nature of our Lord's Humanity. His sweeping and gratuitous statement that "to appreciate the extent to which Nihilianism prevailed it is necessary to look through the theology of the period more or less in bulk," is one by which he himself stands self-condemned. The assumption of superior knowledge and extensive research which it implies would only raise a smile, were it not for the almost indefinite amount of mischief that it is likely to do among those whose ignorance of Catholic theology renders it impossible for them to appreciate the stupendous nature of the task which Canon Gore would have them believe that he has accomplished. The evidence which he adduces for his assertion is less than meagre, and consists of a few passages every one of which is either perfectly orthodox, or at all events admits of being understood in an orthodox sense. It does not belong to our present subject to quote and explain the passages he quotes in support of his assertion, we must be satisfied with having indicated to our readers the utter unsoundness of the theory by which Canon Gore seeks to substantiate his heretical view respecting the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.¹

¹ He attributes Monophysite tendencies among others to Dionysius the Areopagite, to St. Augustine, to the Master of the Sentences, to Paschasius Radbert, and even to St. Thomas himself. We will content ourselves with quoting his words respecting the first of these writers as an example of the recklessness with which he impugns the orthodoxy of the great Catholic theologians. "Dionysius," he says, "while accepting the real Incarnation as delivered in Tradition, is at pains to assert that not only did the Godhead suffer no alteration or confusion in this unutterable self-annihilation, but

But it is time that we return to our more immediate subject. The fundamental error which underlies Canon Gore's misconceptions and mis-statements respecting the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist is that he does not distinguish between the objective reality of the *species* of bread and wine after the consecration, which all theologians assert, and the objective reality of the *substance* of bread and wine, which all theologians deny. The species remain after the solemn words are spoken, *Hoc est corpus meum*, the substance gives place to the substance of the Body and Blood of the Lord. The former of these is the *sacramentum*, or sign, the latter is the *res sacramenti*, or thing signified. The former is perceived by the senses, and is exposed to all the influences of sense ; it is touched, felt, broken, tasted, pressed by the teeth, subjected to the same processes of digestion as ordinary bread and wine. The latter is invisible to sense, it is not touched or tasted, or pressed by the teeth, or subject to the processes of digestion, for as soon as those processes commence, the Body of the Lord ceases to be there, and what was supernatural and supersubstantial bread, returns to the condition and undergoes the natural changes to which ordinary matter is subject. Not that He who has deigned to visit with His own true and real Body and Blood the mortal body of the faithful communicant, departs altogether from the house of the servant who has had the supreme honour of entertaining his Lord and his God. The graces that flowed into his soul from the mere fact of reception still remain ; the sweet influence upon the soul that has been wrought by that Divine presence still remain ; the whole man, body and soul, is renewed and strengthened and sanctified by the corporal presence of Christ, short-lived though this presence has been, and though it has passed away within one brief half-hour from him to whom it has been vouchsafed.

When, therefore, Canon Gore brings forward as an objection to the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist that it involves the speedy passing away of the presence of Christ from the

also that in respect of His (Christ's) Humanity He was still supernatural and supersubstantial. He performed superhuman acts in a superhuman manner ; it is hardly safe to say that He acted or existed as Man, but He must be described as exhibiting in our manhood a new kind of theandric activity. His view of the Incarnation has at least a Monophysite tendency." (p. 174.) We should like to know which of these perfectly accurate and orthodox statements respecting our Lord's Incarnation our Nestorian author ventures to impugn.

recipient,¹ our answer is that on Canon Gore's showing Christ does not in the Sacrament of Anglicanism visit the recipient at all, except in the sense in which He visits the soul whenever any grace is conferred upon it. There ceases to be any distinction between the "real presence" in the Sacrament of the Altar and the real presence in Baptism, or Confirmation, or in any other of the means of grace. Canon Gore, in common with all Anglicans, repudiates the corporal and substantial presence of the Body and Blood of Christ, and so rejects any real presence of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist that can be said to distinguish it as the Sacrament of Sacraments, and to mark it off as differing essentially from all the other means by which Christ imparts Himself to the faithful soul. Of course we willingly admit, and indeed unhesitatingly assert, that this is true of the Anglican communicant, in what they term the Sacrament, for in it whenever grace is conveyed to the recipient, it is conveyed, not through the power of that which is received, but by reason of the good dispositions of the soul of him who in his inculpable ignorance believes that he is in some mysterious way receiving Christ Himself. But in the Catholic Church the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist is raised immeasurably above all other sacraments, by the fact that in it Christ Himself is present with a true, real, corporal, and substantial presence; His Divinity and His Sacred Humanity, His Body and Blood; His Soul, as well as His Precious Blood, are all present on the altar as soon as the priest has uttered the words of consecration. The object of our adoration is the corporal presence of Christ.

¹ Canon Gore's words are as follows: "I must notice in passing, that the materialistic conception of the Sacrament involved at best in the Transubstantiation idea, has resulted in the doctrine mentioned by Lessius, and apparently universally accepted by the Roman Church, that the Divine gift given in the Sacrament is only temporary. It is withdrawn as soon as the Species begins to be digested. It is not a gift of permanent and spiritual Divine inhabitation, but a brief Divine visit. This day (so it is expressed devotionally) my Lord

Came to my lowly tenement
And stayed awhile with me.

The doctrine is the direct result of the materialism involved in Transubstantiation, and is contrary to the original and Christian idea, that 'He that eateth Christ's Flesh, and drinketh His Blood, has life in himself,' 'eternal life,' 'abides in Christ, and Christ in him,' 'lives for ever on account of the life of Christ, the Living Bread.'" In other words, Canon Gore esteems it as no special privilege to receive the Son of God in His own Divine Person within the humble tenement of our mortal bodies because, forsooth, He stays but for a while. He forgets that the choice lies not between receiving Him for a time, and receiving Him for a permanent inhabitation, but between a real reception of His Sacred Body and Blood to last but for a while, and no reception of it at all.

He Himself is there, not merely as the Holy Spirit is present in the soul of all those who are in a state of grace, or even as the same Spirit was present when He descended upon the Apostles on the Day of Pentecost, with a true, real, corporal, substantial presence, as real as that in which our Lord was present to His Apostles when He appeared in their midst on the day of the Resurrection, though it differs from it in being in the Blessed Sacrament invisible and impalpable, perceived by faith and not perceived by sense.

There is yet another difficulty in the doctrine of Transubstantiation which forbids Canon Gore's acceptance of it on any terms. To accept the phrase (of Transubstantiation) in regard to the Blessed Eucharist is "to abandon a great principle that runs through all Theology, the principle that the supernatural does not annihilate and supersede the natural." Elsewhere Canon Gore quotes a passage from Leontius of Byzantium, in which he lays down what is undoubtedly in itself a perfectly true principle, viz., that the supernatural does not destroy the natural (*οὐκ ἔστιν οὖν τὰ ὑπὲρ φύσιν τῶν κατὰ φύσιν ἀναιρετικά*). This is perfectly true, even of the Blessed Eucharist. The substance of the Body and Blood of Christ does not *destroy* the substance of the bread and wine, nor indeed does it *annihilate* it according to the Catholic doctrine. But it does *supersede* it; the natural substance, by the exercise of the power of God, ceases to be, and the supernatural substance of the Body and Blood of Christ, His Soul as well as His Body, His Divinity as well as His Humanity, takes its place. If this is a solitary instance of such a change, nothing is thereby proved against its reality. We might as well say that the Incarnation is disproved by the fact that it is a principle of Theology, that God, though He imparts Divine grace to His rational creatures, yet never substantially unites His Divine Nature to any created being, so as to render man entitled to Divine honour. Indeed, theologians tell us, that if God has not united Himself to Man in the Person of Jesus Christ, we should have been inclined to say that such a union was intrinsically impossible. No one can say that there is even any seeming impossibility about the superseding of the natural by the supernatural. The Blessed Sacrament, like the Incarnation, is something absolutely unique of its kind, and it is no argument against it to say that we cannot find an exact parallel to it elsewhere.

But Canon Gore comes forward towards the end of his Essay

in the character of a sort of peacemaker. Perhaps, he virtually tells us, Roman Catholics do not mean all that they say about Transubstantiation. One of their great authorities, Cardinal Franzelin, uses language which shows that he really believes in the permanence of the bread and wine, for he says that, "in the Sacrament, that which is the immediate object of the senses, is something objectively real," and what else is the immediate object of the senses save that very substance of bread and wine for the permanence of which after the consecration we are contending?¹ It is a great pity that Canon Gore did not take the trouble to read carefully the masterly treatise, the words of which he misinterprets so recklessly. It would have prevented his strange misunderstanding of what Cardinal Franzelin means, and we venture to think it would, if carefully studied, have prevented altogether the publication of Canon Gore's ill-advised attack on the Catholic doctrine, as there is scarcely a single objection brought forward by him which is not directly or indirectly refuted in Franzelin's pages. The words quoted above are from his Sixteenth Thesis, of which the title is, *De objectiva realitate specierum sacramentalium*, and the object of the Thesis is to establish and explain the objective reality of the Sacrament as opposed to the *res sacramenti*, of the visible species of bread and wine which are the object of the senses in the Consecrated Host, as contrasted with the invisible substance of the Body of Christ which is perceived only by faith.

Those of our readers who have followed what we have said above, will have recognized that the Catholic Church affirms most positively the objective reality of the sacramental species. To quote Franzelin as minimizing Catholic doctrine, and making Transubstantiation "mean almost practically nothing," shows such a blissful ignorance alike of the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist and of the writings of its illustrious defender, that it makes us almost hope that Canon Gore is still enveloped

¹ We give Canon Gore's own words lest we might be thought to misinterpret him in the text. "It is quite true that it is possible to minimize the meaning of Transubstantiation till it becomes practically compatible with an acceptance of the permanence of the natural elements in the ordinary sense of these terms, coupled with a denial of their permanence in a laboured metaphysical sense which is no longer in use among philosophical writers other than Roman Catholics. Thus Cardinal Franzelin says: 'It is demonstrable, as well from the reason of the sacrament as from the clear teaching of the Fathers, that that which in the most holy Sacrament is the immediate object of the senses is something objectively real;' and this sort of language may be pressed till Transubstantiation is made to mean almost practically nothing."

in the darkness of an ignorance that is inculpable, or rather it would make us hope it, if it were not that the ignorance that attacks that which it has never taken the pains to understand, can never be called inculpable. So too when at the conclusion of his Essay, he tells us that, "it can never be a satisfactory settlement to accept a phrase in a sense so unreal that you are not to apply it anywhere else," he brings a charge against Catholic theology which is absolutely false. When we speak of the change of *substance* in the Blessed Eucharist, we use the word *substance* in the strict and proper philosophical sense, and in no other. This is another instance of the Protestant system of "poisoning the wells," which we have already noticed as a favourite mode of warfare with Canon Gore.

We will now sum up our charges against the Essay with which we have been dealing: (1) It misrepresents the teaching of the Fathers of the Church on the Blessed Eucharist, quoting a few obscure passages which it misinterprets, and ignoring their general language and teaching. (2) It misrepresents the doctrine itself, and shows an ignorance of the fundamental ideas which underlie it. (3) It puts forward a theory of substance which logically involves a hopeless scepticism. (4) It attributes to the mediæval Church in general heretical ideas as to the Incarnation—a charge which is to be accounted for by Canon Gore's own misty and inadequate notions respecting the Divinity of the Son of God. (5) Finally, his work is, *hæreticorum more*, purely destructive, and seeks to discredit the Catholic doctrine without intimating what theory of our Lord's presence we are to adopt in its place.

R. F. C.

Aspects of the Renaissance.

I.—TRANSITION.

THE Renaissance has been often described as a kind of avalanche, sweeping over Western civilization, and in its course, changing the face of all things, so that the art, literature, and learning of Europe suffered a complete transformation. Most people agree in such a view of the change which took place in the sixteenth century, but many differ as to the loss or gain resulting from this change.

It is easy to take a survey of what the Renaissance found and what it left in the world, but an accurate estimate of the relative value of ante and post Renaissance things is a more serious consideration.

In the first place, the Renaissance swept away Scholastic Theology, and substituted the Baconian. Then the romances, poetry, and chronicles of the middle ages are replaced by the classics of ancient Greece and Rome. Architecture, ecclesiastical and domestic, is entirely reorganized; the solemn Gothic arch is abandoned for the dome and the Corinthian pillar, and the churches are built on the plan of pagan temples; castles have disappeared, and splendid country houses are built. Painting and music are now no longer subservient to religion, but are independent arts existing for their own beauty and their own ends. Instead of illuminated manuscripts, we see printed books and newspapers. The world is not only larger figuratively, it is larger in reality, for a continent is added to the universe already known. For bows and arrows, we have cannon and gunpowder; and for the thousands slain in the battles of the middle ages, are now slain tens of thousands. If war is less barbarous, it is more deadly, and for the evils of the feudal system, we have the licence of an age which fears neither God nor man. For the ages of faith, we have an age of doubt, of disbelief, of revolution.

But among all that has changed, the Church remains the one stable power in the world, and she is stable, humanly speaking, because unchangeable in essence and in doctrine, she knows how to change her methods according to the needs of men. Instead of symbolism in architecture and painting, she now uses preaching and rhetoric, and produces a Bossuet, a Bourdaloue. In her sympathy for the new needs and the new trials, she even founds a new Religious Order, capable of guiding the new aspirations and of combating the new errors. If pagan architecture is the taste of the day, she will take it and consecrate it to her own uses, making it clean thereby, and the new Basilica of St. Peter's is, in spite of all criticism, still the most magnificent Christian temple in the world.

Nevertheless, as the price of her stability, the Church receives many wounds only a little less than mortal. Kings renounce their allegiance to her, whole nations are wrested from her; even in her very bosom, there are signs of disaffection, relaxed morals, decay of learning. Her Orders, her very Sacraments are despised, and a worldly spirit creeps into the sanctuary.

It is a strangely confused picture, containing many elements of good for the many evil, and viewing it as we do, at the end of three centuries, when the world has settled down again after the stormy avalanche, it is curious to note how much that was then swept away as rubbish, is now being readopted in the ever recurring rhythm of life. The Philosophy of Aristotle which was supposed to be a worn-out system, three hundred years ago, is undergoing a complete revival in the estimation of the learned; Gothic architecture has been rescued from oblivion, and pre-Raphaelite art is again studied. More than this, religion which to all appearance had received its death-blow in this country in the sixteenth, and which had, as it seemed, been buried for ever in the following century, is now rejoicing in a resurrection such as the world has never before witnessed.

It is the object of these papers to show in what measure the Renaissance wrought evil, by obliterating the old landmarks, destroying the old faiths, and substituting forms, which instead of elevating the mind brought it back to the level of the pagan world; and in what measure the Renaissance did well, in adding a fresh impetus to human life and thought: and whether all that was good in it was not the direct result of a certain compromise with a Christianity, which it affected to despise.

The attitude of the Church towards the revolution is instruc-

tive. Being of all times and all nations, she is pledged to no rigid expressions, to no one set code of external forms, but is free to expand, to modify, to bend, to concede, in all that does not concern essentials. Capturing the thoughts of men at the rebound, she shapes them to her own uses, and directs them into her own channels.

The line of demarcation which separates the middle ages from the period of the Renaissance involves a question of some nicety. This line is not to be found running through the principal countries of Europe at a given time, or in the same distinctness throughout. Sometimes there is scarcely any line at all, and the change from one period to the other assumes rather the form of a gradual development, the causes of which are deeply rooted in the middle ages. In history, as in nature, a kind of evolutionary process seems to prepare the course of events, just as summer is the development of spring, and autumn the inevitable period of decay which follows fruition. Thus, speaking generally, we may say that the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are in a sense the outcome of the thirteenth and fourteenth, and that even what appears to us abrupt and violent, has nevertheless been anticipated by an undercurrent of tendencies making for change and revolution. But at the risk of seeming retrograde, we would altogether repudiate the new classification by which M. Taine, M. Eugène Müntz, and their colleagues, annex the whole period from the thirteenth to the end of the sixteenth century, and appropriate it to the Renaissance. This computation takes in Dante, Petrarch, St. Francis of Assisi, Fra Angelico and his pupils, Donatello, Giotto and the great Florentine painters, who breaking away from old Byzantine methods sought to bring grace and beauty into ecclesiastical art. "With plausible but arbitrary and artificial preciseness, the high priests of modernity speak of a "proto Renaissance," beginning in the thirteenth century, and lasting a hundred years. This period, they pretend, was followed by another, equally long, of preparation for the "late Renaissance," which finally emancipated men's minds and bodies from the thralldom of the middle ages. Here the secret is disclosed. It is the old conspiracy to belittle the middle ages, cropping up in the form of a new and imposing classification. Reiterated libels about the "dark ages" have become wearisome; if we are to have anything historical nowadays, in the name of all

that is Progressive (with a capital letter), let it be novel, daring, and comprehensive. And so, instead of sneering any longer at mediæval methods, we simply sweep all the big fish of ante-Renaissance times into the Renaissance net.

But there is another school, the votaries of which are content to repeat the old formulas, for the sake of drawing a brilliant contrast, and they expend much eloquence on the glorification of the New Birth. It is a subject which lends itself admirably to picturesque description and exaggerated praise. It has on its side so much that is winning, so much amiability, optimism, light-heartedness, that it is no wonder if modern writers fall down and worship it, pronouncing it to be "very good." For it is in league with the most elementary cravings of the human heart for happiness in this world, and it has been described as nothing more or less than a resurrection from the winding-sheet of a dead past, to the sunshine and splendour of pagan arts and sciences, from the worship of a Crucified Christ, to the worship of a living, sensuous humanity, and to the enjoyment of all mundane beauty.

"Even the senses," says Mrs. Mark Pattison, "should be served like princes, and all pleasures brought within the domain of art."¹ In other words, the Renaissance, at least in this uncontrolled aspect, says to us, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry," regardless of what follows. Mr. John Addington Symonds, a recognized authority on the subject, exclaims:

Well then! In this fifteenth century, the spirit of the world awoke. Like a blind man recovering his sight, humanity looked forth and first saw men as trees walking; then gradually discovered the world. Yes, this was the great secret revealed in the Renaissance. Regaining perfect freedom, man once more recognizes himself as monarch of the globe. He finds himself at home here—his house beautiful, his life in it delightful. He no longer trembles for the end of the world, or spends the years of his existence on earth in preparation for Paradise. During the middle ages, man had lived enveloped in a cowl. He had not seen the world, or had seen it only to bewail. Like St. Bernard travelling along the Lake of Geneva, and noticing neither the azure of the waters, nor the luxuriance of the vines, nor the radiance of the mountains with their robe of sun and snow, but bending a thought-burdened forehead over the neck of his mule—even like this monk, humanity had passed, a careful pilgrim, intent on the terrors of sin, death, and judgment, along the highways of the world, and had not known that they were sightworthy or that life is a blessing. Beauty is

¹ *The Renaissance in France*, vol. i. p. 13.

a snare, pleasure a sin, the world a fleeting show, man fallen and lost, death the only certainty, judgment inevitable, hell everlasting, heaven hard to win ;—ignorance is acceptable to God as a proof of faith and submission ;—abstinence and mortification are the only safe rules of life—these were the fixed ideas of mediævalism. The Renaissance shattered and destroyed them, rending the thick veil which they had drawn between the mind of man and the outer world, and flashing the light of reality upon the darkened places of his own soul. The Renaissance is nothing but the liberation of humanity from a dungeon, the double discovery of the outer and inner world.¹

There is almost as much truth as falsehood in this picture. It is true that the Church taught men to despise the world, to mortify the flesh, to lead penitential lives, to die daily, in view of a resurrection far otherwise real than that of the Renaissance, which at best for each individual would be followed by another death of the body, common to pagan and Christian alike. But the falsehood lies in the accusation that she blinded men to the innocent joys and beauties of the visible universe ; for if the devotion of one mediæval Saint led him away from the material creation, to the contemplation of Divine things and of that uncreated Beauty which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, another, equally typical of his age, found a brotherhood and tender sympathy in every form of life by which he was surrounded. St. Francis of Assisi exhorting the birds and fishes to give thanks to their Creator, is as much in harmony with the mediæval spirit as St. Bernard on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, lost to all sense of the beauty without, so deep and entrancing are his meditations on the Divine beauty within. That vague and debateable land, which we call the middle ages, is as little capable of being dismissed with a glib simile as is the great complex movement which for want of a better word we call the Renaissance.

But if the middle ages have been treated with scant courtesy until M. Müntz and others saw their way to making them swell the triumph of the Renaissance, the Renaissance itself has been a fertile field for as many fanciful discoveries as it has pleased essay writers to imagine. Mr. Walter Pater has theorized about it till every picture painted by Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci, every *bas relief* executed by Luca della Robbia is for him fraught with a peculiar doctrine, at variance with the known

¹ In a lecture delivered before the Sunday Lecture Society, and entitled *The Renaissance of Modern Europe*. London, 1872.

teaching of the Church, or with the unwritten canons of good taste and probability. Utter culture has seemingly rendered such critics incapable of taking any view likely to have been shared by the painters whom they discuss so familiarly. The definitions of an effete fifteenth century scholasticism are as nothing compared to the fantastic visions of Mr. Pater, when he gives to the world the result of his studies on the art of Sandro Botticelli.

Perhaps [he observes] you have sometimes wondered why those peevish-looking Madonnas, conformed to no acknowledged or obvious type of beauty, attract you more and more, and often come back to you when the Sistine Madonna and the Virgins of Fra Angelico are forgotten. At first, contrasting them with those, you may have thought that there was something in them mean or abject even, for the abstract lines of the face have little nobleness, and the colour is wan. For with Botticelli she too, though she holds in her hands the "desire of all nations," is one of those who are neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies; and her choice is on her face. The white light on it is cast up hard and cheerless from below, as when snow lies upon the ground, and the children look up with surprise at the strange whiteness of the ceiling. Her trouble is in the very caress of the mysterious child, whose gaze is always far from her, and who has already that sweet look of devotion which men have never been able altogether to love, and which still makes the born saint an object almost of suspicion to his earthly brethren. Once, indeed, he guides her hand to transcribe in a book the words of her exaltation, the *Ave* and the *Magnificat*, and the *Gaude Maria*, and the young angels, glad to rouse her for a moment from her dejection, are eager to hold the inkhorn and to support the book. But the pen almost drops from her hand, and the high cold words have no meaning for her, and her true children are those others, among whom, in her rude home, the intolerable honour came to her, with that look of wistful inquiry on their irregular faces, which you see in startled animals; gipsy children, such as those who, in Apennine villages, still hold out their long brown arms to beg of you, but on Sundays become *enfants du chœur* (*sic*), with their thick black hair nicely combed, and fair white linen on their sunburnt throats.¹

Setting aside here the principal question involved, and regardless of the hideous, distorted picture which the essayist draws, we would merely insist on his inability to enter into the mind of either mediæval or Renaissance art at all, or to appreciate the measure of both which is to be found in Botti-

¹ *The Renaissance*. Studies in Art and Poetry. By Walter Pater. Sandro Botticelli.

celli's pictures. The imaginative faculty which enables writers to place themselves at the point of view they are considering, is wholly lacking in Mr. Pater, who not only commits a deplorable anachronism in attributing to a painter of the fifteenth century, sentiments suitable to a nineteenth century Spurgeon or a Booth, but who is a blind leader in his exposition of a view which Botticelli could not possibly have entertained. In Botticelli's pictures there is an obvious struggle between the remnant of old Byzantine forms and the new methods then dawning upon the world, between the old *teaching* and the new *technique*. His Madonnas, far from expressing the ignoble sentiments attributed to them by Mr. Pater, are for ever hovering in the shadow of holy Simeon's prophecy, "and thine own soul a sword shall pierce." A little more, and the *Mater Speciosa* becomes the *Mater Dolorosa*; but the time had not arrived when grief could be expressed clearly and unmistakeably without some sacrifice of beauty, and when it came, the sceptre had departed from art as a teaching power. Botticelli stands on the limits of mediævalism, and his Holy Families must be interpreted, as all else, by the temper of the age. Men's belief in the Incarnation was still whole, and by that belief may be gauged the measure of dignity accorded by them to the Mother of God. Even when the full tide of the Renaissance set in, and frank paganism reigned, art was never either the precursor or the handmaid of Luther. When it ceased to be the exponent of the Church's doctrines, it ceased altogether to teach, and became its own end and *raison d'être*. But from the beginning of the Christian era it was the faithful servant of the Church and the means whereby the religion of Jesus Christ was spread. In figure, in symbol, in mystic signs, the rude pictures on the walls of the Catacombs preached the Incarnation, the Passion, the Resurrection, the founding of the Church, the Pastoral Office. Sometimes even here, less simple doctrines were described, as when heresies were refuted and the contrary truths enforced. Matthew Arnold, in an exquisite sonnet, shows how Tertullian's heresy, which denied the forgiveness of sins after Baptism, was condemned by one of these pictures.

But she sighed
The Infant Church ! of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.
And then she smiled ; and in the Catacombs
With eye suffused, but heart inspired true,

On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head, 'mid ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew,
And on His shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

And for centuries after the Church had risen from the Catacombs, she made use of art as she makes use of printing now, to spread the knowledge of Christianity in the world.

The early Tuscan painters and sculptors well understood their mission, and strove to make themselves worthy of it. When Cimabue painted the great Madonna still to be seen in the Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, his object was to set forth the imposing majesty of the Queen of Heaven. If the picture is stiff and unlovely, its faults are due to a method as yet imperfectly developed, and to the Byzantine tradition which still clung to Christian art. The principle founded on the words of the Prophet Isaiah, "He has no beauty that we should desire Him," was very literally carried out in all Byzantine representations of our Lord, and the beauty of the King's daughter being within, it was in the eyes of these painters, superfluous to attempt the expression of mere outward attractiveness. Hence the awkward, formal, and often repulsive figures of this school. Cimabue made an effort to shake off Byzantine traditions, but his pupil, Giotto, was the first really to succeed in so doing.

All the early Florentine painters had special subjects of study and devotion. If Cimabue gloried in his Madonna, Giotto lingered lovingly over his Crucifixions, his frescoes illustrating the life of St. Francis, at Assisi and in Santa Croce, while his scenes from the Life of our Lord in the chapel of the Arena at Padua are said to have been suggested by Dante. Taddeo Gaddi, Giotto's favourite pupil, had an especial love for St. Jerome, as we see by his frequent studies of this Saint. Another of Giotto's pupils, Buffalmacco, is reported by Vasari to have said: "We painters occupy ourselves entirely in tracing saints on the walls and on the altars, in order that by this means, men to the great despite of the demons, may be more drawn to virtue and piety."

Donatello, comparing the wooden crucifix which he had carved with dint of much care and thought, with one which his friend Brunelleschi had made, and confessing humbly that his own was after all but a peasant, whereas his friend's was indeed worthy to be called a Christ, furnishes proof that the early

Tuscan school aimed at something higher than natural beauty of form or the perfect delineation of muscles, veins, and arteries, although these began also to be studied with great fidelity. When we compare Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" with that of Andrea Orcagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa, we understand the difference between the art which is the mouthpiece of the Church, and the art of the Renaissance, which exists for its own sake, and is its own end.

The "Last Judgment" of Orcagna, more accurately described as the "Resurrection of the Dead," is derived from Dante's *Divina Commedia*, although the artist was content to draw his inspiration from the poet without slavishly adhering to all the details. His main object was to show the two-fold aspect of the Resurrection. The just rise to their reward, sinners to their condemnation. The Supreme Judge dispenses mercy as well as justice. The fresco was intended to inculcate a wholesome fear of sin, but also to strengthen the timid, by hope in the goodness of God, according to the teaching of the Church.

Monks and nuns are not to think themselves safe because of the sanctity of their state. They are even more strictly judged than seculars, and with a certain grim humour, Orcagna depicts Religious as being thrust into Hell by demons made hideous with bat's wings, as well as raised to Heaven by angels shaped like birds. Lucifer, crushing a sinner in each of his three jaws, is the only literal reproduction from the *Inferno*. There was a mediæval saying, "Of Adam we hope, of Solomon we doubt, of Tertullian we despair," and in this fresco it is curious to note how Solomon, having just risen from his tomb, looks this way and that, uncertain where to go.

There is a "wise simplicity" in the arrangement of this picture, which is like a mediæval sermon addressed to people full of faith, who, accustomed to plain speaking, would know how to appreciate the grotesque touches. Of pathos there is not much: all is thoroughly business-like and logical; the good shall rise to glory everlasting, the bad to eternal death in Hell.

Michelangelo has no intention of teaching anything but form and colour. He dwells only on the dark side, wishing simply to depict awful gloom, Herculean forms, overwhelming strength, to suit his particular gifts. His "Day of Judgment" is a *Dies iræ* without mercy, a *tour de force*, a study of limbs, and of what can be done to represent wrath, punishment, and despair. Of the Christian doctrine concerning the Last Judgment

ment, but a one-sided and therefore false idea could be gained from this picture. One might almost say of it, that Satan is its hero, just as he is in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Christ's attitude and expression say plainly, "Depart, ye cursed," and nothing more.

An admirable example of the way in which Christian doctrine is taught by Christian art, is furnished by Fra Angelico's fresco of the "Annunciation" in St. Mark's, Florence. Our Lady, so teaches the Bible, is "full of grace," and "blessed among women." She is to be the Mother of the Word made Flesh, and Fra Angelico's Angel, recognizing her dignity, kneels reverently as he salutes her. In all other angelical salutations, the messenger comes with a command. To St. Joseph he says, "Arise;" to St. Zachary, "Fear not;" to St. Peter, "Arise quickly;" but to Mary, "Hail, full of grace," and expression is given to the words by the mien and posture of the Angel, while she seems scarcely to see him, rapt in the import of the Divine message.

In the Annunciations of the Renaissance, the Angel generally comes in a condescending manner, with voluminous drapery blown about by the wind. If the Blessed Virgin kneels, the Angel stands or hovers. In these pictures the composition, drawing, colour, are everything, the teaching a very secondary matter.

Soon after the days when Fra Angelico covered the walls of St. Mark's with an epitome of the Christian faith, and the spirit of the Dominican Order, naturalism in art gradually asserted itself. The manner improved, but the matter was generally left out. Paolo Uccello was the first to strike out in this direction, but Masaccio and his followers, overcoming Giotto's influence, are mainly responsible for its development. Some, such as Benozzo Gozzoli, the pupil and beloved disciple of Fra Angelico, kept themselves aloof from the revolutionary tendency, and preserved their talent free from pagan innovation. The same may be said of Lorenzo di Credi and of Fra Bartolommeo, who resembled each other in their dislike of all profane subjects. The last-mentioned painter became an ardent disciple of Savonarola.

Raphael belongs partly to the Renaissance, partly to the old Catholic traditions. In his later Roman days, he felt the influence of Michelangelo in a remarkable degree, and learned from him much of the technique which distinguishes his later

work from his earlier. The last picture Raphael ever painted, the "Transfiguration" in the Vatican gallery, is a wonderful instance of this influence. The same, however, does not apply to the Sistine Madonna, which soars far above all mannerism, and appears to us more as a heavenly vision than the perfection of any mere method. His "Madonna del Gran Duca," in the Pitti collection, is another of those spontaneous returns to Catholic art and piety, which make him almost as great a teacher as a master of painting. The expression of dignity and humility given to the Blessed Virgin in this picture is nowhere more apparent in the productions of the ages of faith. The "Madonna del Velo" in the Louvre, also an inspired work, reveals in the face of the sleeping Infant a look caught from a deep if transient realization of the majesty of God, and this without any sacrifice of complete and infant-like simplicity.

Raphael's genius could shake itself free, and escape at times from all the tendencies around him, until he succumbed to the irresistible power of Michelangelo. The "Madonna della Sedia" is an instance of his most flagrant naturalism.

Leonardo da Vinci hardly represents any one school or single branch of art. He stands alone with his fantastic, inquisitive, and highly creative mind, unimpressed by Gothic tradition, or even by the Renaissance itself. He could paint anything, from a "Last Supper" to the exquisite horrors of a Medusa's head. He could compose verses, manufacture a silver lyre, or design a landscape for a tapestry hanging. He condescended to the minutest details, and whimsically advised his pupils to study damp spots on old walls, the colour of ashes or any chance rubbish, as by so doing, the noblest pictures were often suggested. Leonardo's pupil, Luini, leaned as much to the old as to the new school. His "Christ among the Doctors," in the National Gallery, is an excellent example of his style.

The Venetian school, after the days of Gian Bellini, who clung to the old artistic faith, is frankly Renaissance. We see enormous canvases by Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and others, crowded with figures, with all the bustle and stir of the sixteenth century in them. They are grand, imposing, and brilliant with colour and richness, but are lacking in repose and simplicity. Titian, the greatest colourist the world has ever known, occasionally reminds us of bygone *naïveté* of composition when he imitates the treatment of the old Florentine masters, and Ruskin, in his *Mornings in Florence*, calls our attention to

Giotto's "Presentation of the Blessed Virgin," from which Titian caught the inspiration for his own picture.

The contrast between the sculpture of the middle ages and that of the Renaissance is still more marked, and M. Müntz is confronted with a serious difficulty if we place side by side a late Gothic statue and one of the Renaissance, for between the two is a great gulf fixed. He is somewhat in the position of Anglicans, who maintain that the Church of England was the same before and after the Reformation, for there is nothing more obvious in art, than that a revolution had taken place between the epoch that had produced a "St. George" by Donatello, and an age that had made it possible for Michelangelo to create his "David."

Perhaps the greatest triumphs of Gothic sculpture are Giotto's Tower in Florence, with its wonderful *bassi relievi*, Ghiberti's Golden Gates, which suggested many of the figures in Michelangelo's "Last Judgment," and Donatello's "Youthful Hero." A perfectly beautiful conception, it stands in a niche outside the church of Orsanmichele, in Florence, with brow slightly contracted, in a noble and simple attitude, one hand on the cross-marked shield resting on the ground before him, a statue unrivalled even by the sculptor's Faun, which has enchanted the world for nearly five centuries. But after Donatello there was a long pause, and when Michelangelo re-opened the record, it was as the apostle of a new era.

Although born in 1475, Michelangelo belongs almost entirely to the sixteenth century and to the Renaissance. It has been aptly said that the smell of the fire is on him, which consumed the old traditions and the old faiths. He was all but the creation of the Medici, who delighted to honour him, and he in turn served them well. Vasari tells how that when the sculptor was a boy, he made friends with some masons employed in constructing a library in the gardens of St. Mark's at Florence. They gave him a piece of marble and the necessary implements, and he began to copy the antique mask of a faun which he found in the gardens. Without slavishly following the original, he gave his faun an open mask, showing the teeth. The Duke Lorenzo, who often came to mark the progress of the workmen, saw and praised Michelangelo's mask, but added the criticism, "You have made your faun so old, and yet you have left him all his teeth; you should have known that at such an advanced age some are generally wanting."

When Lorenzo next saw the mask, the boy had made a gap in the faun's mouth in such a manner that no finished master could have managed it better.

Michelangelo's choice of a faun is significant; he was full of the spirit of the new age. In his artistic conscience he was more than half a pagan. His "Moses" is none other than a colossal Jupiter or Pan; his "David" might stand for an Achilles. The Florentines nicknamed it "the Giant." Of all the metaphors employed in describing him, "master of live stone" perhaps suits him best, for his most finished works still remind us of the unwrought stone of the quarries of Carrara, the fantastic peaks and stern colours among which his childhood was passed.

"I have seen Michelangelo," exclaimed the French sculptor Falconet, when Cardinal Richelieu brought back two of his statues to France, "he is terrific!"

Mr. Walter Pater pleads in vain that sweetness no less than power belongs to him. The force of his conceptions is indeed overwhelming, but it comes too near *brute* force, and we feel the absence of the "divine afflatus," the soul, to counterbalance the awful physical energy displayed. The "*Pietà*," the great masterpiece of his youth, is the one notable exception to this criticism, but even here, what strikes us most is the intimate knowledge of anatomy it reveals, the proportion and harmony of the parts, the correctness with which the muscles, veins, and arteries, in the body of the dead Christ are delineated. And it is only when we have taken in this mechanism, so to speak, that we are free to admire the nobler gifts with which he has enriched his famous group. His "*Pietà*" at Louvain is another instance of his gentler aspect. The sacristy of San Lorenzo which he has peopled with the works of his strong hands and gigantic intellect, raises our wonder, but leaves us cold as the stone by which we are surrounded. It may be that the statue of Night needs seemingly but a touch to awaken it, and that the Duke Lorenzo's attitude is impressive in the extreme. It may be that nowhere does the Renaissance shine as here, and yet we are fain to cry out, "These be thy gods, O Israel!" The following words are significant, as being the best that an ardent votary can say in defence of Michelangelo.

Pietà—pity, the pity of the Virgin Mother over the dead body of Christ, expanded into the pity of all mothers over all dead sons, the entombment with its cruel "hard stones"—this is the subject of his

predilection. He has left it in many forms, sketches, half finished designs, finished and unfinished groups of sculpture; but always as a hopeless, rayless, almost heathen sorrow—no divine sorrow, but mere pity and awe at the stiff limbs and colourless lips. There is a drawing of his at Oxford, in which the dead body has sunk to the earth between the mother's feet, with the arms extended over her knees. The tombs in the sacristy of San Lorenzo are memorials, not of any of the nobler and greater Medici, but of Giuliano and Lorenzo the younger, noticeable chiefly for their somewhat early death. It is mere human nature therefore which has prompted the sentiment here. The title assigned traditionally to the four symbolic figures, Night and Day, the Twilight and the Dawn, are far too definite for them; for these figures come much nearer to the mind and spirit of their author, and are a more direct expression of his thoughts, than any mere symbolical conceptions could possibly have been. They concentrate and express, less by way of definite conceptions than by the touches, the promptings of a piece of music, all those vague fancies, misgivings, presentiments, which shift and mix and are defined and fade again, whenever the thoughts try to fix themselves with sincerity on the conditions and surroundings of the disembodied spirit. I suppose no one would come to the sacristy of San Lorenzo for consolation; for seriousness, for solemnity, for dignity of impression, perhaps, but not for consolation. It is a place neither of consoling nor of terrible thoughts, but of vague and wistful speculation. Here, again, Michelangelo is the disciple, not so much of Dante as of the Platonists. Dante's belief in immortality is formal, precise, and firm, almost as much so as that of a child, who thinks the dead will hear if you cry loud enough. But in Michelangelo you have maturity, the mind of the grown man, dealing cautiously and dispassionately with serious things; and what hope he has, is based on the consciousness of ignorance—ignorance of man, ignorance of the nature of the mind, its origin, and capacities. Michelangelo is so ignorant of the spiritual world, of the new body and its laws, that he does not surely know whether the consecrated Host may not be the Body of Christ.¹

This then is the verdict on some of the most representative work of the Renaissance, uttered by one who is a profound admirer of the new paganism. It is curious to hear him confess that the result of all the light that had been let in, all the rubbish that had been cleared away, is ignorance, the ignorance which Mr. Symonds declares was part and parcel of the mediæval system. Either Mr. Symonds' blind man recovering his sight, and having the light of reality flashed upon the darkened places of his own soul, while the Renaissance liberates

¹ *The Renaissance. Studies in Art and Poetry.* By Walter Pater. The Poetry of Michelangelo.

him from a dungeon, is a figment of Mr. Symonds' brain, or Mr. Pater is all at sea, in claiming consciousness of ignorance as the great characteristic of the chief apostle of the Renaissance. Both are authorities, and between the two, M. Müntz is hard pressed. The idea of making friends with the middle ages, and of placing an engraving of Donatello's St. George and other late mediæval work, on his pages, was a brilliant one. It is shared by all the great "luminaries" of the modern German school.

But indeed, as we began by saying, it is not possible to fix any hard and fast rule for the simultaneous appearance of the Renaissance in all the principal countries of Europe. In Italy it began with the revival of letters patronized by the Medici. Savonarola retarded the return of paganism by his denunciations, and his *auto da fé* of profane pictures, statues, and ornaments; and when the incoming tide poured over his ineffectual break-water, the Popes, Alexander VI. and Leo X., perceiving that the new art might be made to serve the Church even as the old pagan temples had been turned into Christian basilicas, employed the artists of the Renaissance to rebuild St. Peter's and the Palace of the Vatican.

France caught up the movement just before the advent of Francis I., so that he was not so much its patron and guide as its work and creature. It produced Ronsard, the poet, the four Clouets, and a galaxy of portrait-painters, many of whose works may be studied at Hampton Court. It produced Jean Cousin, the painter on glass; Vêrard, the wood-engraver, whose edition of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* is famous; and Jean Duvet, engraver on metal.

Duvet's celebrated "Annunciation" as described by Mrs. Mark Pattison, exhales the very spirit of the Renaissance. She says:¹ "The Virgin kneels with an air of state, and receives the heaven-sent messenger with proud humility. Her hands are delicately treated; the pose of the figure is slightly self-conscious."

It soon followed that with such ideas, painters preferred to represent the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece, in painting which they would be less hampered by the exigencies of Christian tradition. Goujon's "Diana the Huntress," his two famous "Tritons," his nymphs, his "Venus;" the allegorical figures by Claude Binet, the "Three Graces," by Germain Pilon, are with many more the sign manual of the Renaissance in

¹ Vol. ii. p. 99.

France. A delight in the study of the nude instantly manifested itself, and to the sixteenth century belong the numerous and scandalous books of illustrations which are so many pitfalls to the unwary. Palaces and gardens sprang up, and domestic architecture superseded ecclesiastical. Then arose the beautiful *châteaux* on the Loire, Seine, and Garonne—Bury, Blois, Chenonceau, Chambord, the Louvre, Longchamps, the Tuileries, Versailles.

With strange inconsistency, in the midst of all this joy of living, great attention was paid to sepulchral monuments. Apart from all other considerations, there is a weariness in contemplating the allegorical figures on tombs, the cypress-bearing forms of Death, Grief, and Desolation, the urns and broken columns, the marble pyramids of woe, artificialities and real terrors which do not rise above the charnel-house. We have only to pay a visit to Westminster Abbey, to see how these inventions of the Renaissance have been perpetuated far into the nineteenth century, although we have now grown to be a little ashamed of them. The Cardinal Virtues are the nearest approach to spirituality which this kind of monumental piety portrays.

Bernard Palissy, the Huguenot potter, may fairly close the record of the decadence of art in France, in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

In England, the middle ages are generally supposed to end with the death of Henry VII., but as the country boasted no school of painting, the decline of art must be traced in the architectural buildings, in which it abounded.

In early Norman churches, of which the chapel of St. John in the Tower of London is an admirable specimen, the main building with its massive walls and pillars, its low, round arches producing a grand and solemn effect, was the only important part. The windows were mere slits in the wall, and of ornamentation there was none. The building was constructed for practical purposes, without much study to make it beautiful, but taste being simple and unspoiled, it was in fact beautiful. Later on, when circumstances permitted, a few ornaments were carved, and the country having settled down to something like peace and order, men were free to develop more spiritual aspirations. The fortress-like nature of the walls disappeared, the arches sprang higher, and became pointed, clerestories were introduced, the windows were enlarged and beautified, ornaments

became more general, and we have the much admired Early English style. The manner in which it grew out of the Norman may be seen in many of our old parish churches up and down the country. Sometimes a pointed arch is tacked on to a Norman pillar, as if the architect had changed his mind while the church was in course of building. Sometimes the nave is severely Norman and the aisles Early English. After a time, greater attention was paid to ornamentation, the stone blossomed out as it were into flowers, and we see the Decorated style, which expanded in the fourteenth century into the Perpendicular, with its fine windows and graceful towers. In mediæval architecture, everything belonging to a church was symbolical. The main arches supporting the roof, typified God the Father, on whom all depends; the row of arches above, often two under one, represented Jesus Christ in His two natures; the windows above symbolized the Holy Ghost, through whom light comes into the spiritual building.

The temptation was, seeing how effective were Perpendicular windows, to break out extravagantly in windows, so that they became the principal features, instead of the properly subordinate medium for obtaining light. Thus the stability of the structure, or at least, its appearance of stability, was threatened. Thin walls and skinny buttresses added to this effect. Gothic architecture had by this time said its last powerful word; what was beyond was redundancy and a breaking away from its own fixed laws. It is true that we have some fine Gothic buildings of the fifteenth and even the sixteenth century. Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, King's College Chapel at Cambridge, the cloisters and Lady Chapel of Gloucester Cathedral belong to these periods. But magnificent as these specimens are, they bear the mark of decadence in their very beauty. There is in them a superabundance of ornament, a straining to express ideas, which stone and wood are incapable of expressing, a want of simplicity, and therefore of what is noblest and most enduring in art. With Wolsey's buildings at Oxford and Ipswich, the case for Gothic architecture is closed in England. Since then, further progress being impossible, a downward movement set in, and the debased Tudor arch among other monstrosities, is its own condemnation. Soon ecclesiastical buildings ceased to be erected at all, and the famous "ancestral homes of England" began to spring up. In the sixteenth century were built

Hatfield House, "Burleigh House by Stamford town," and many another "lordly dwelling-place." They differed in some respects greatly from the houses of the nobles in Catholic times, which, if insignificant, always contained a large chapel for the service of God, and a large hall for the exercise of hospitality. Both these features disappeared at the Renaissance.

In Catholic countries on the Continent, very good Gothic work was done for some time after it had ceased in England. The Spanish Gothic of this period is extremely fine, and the Church of St. Eustache in Paris is a splendid example of Gothic outlines, and classical details, in the best possible taste and execution. One of the clerestory windows is a curious instance of the conflict between the Renaissance and the remains of mediæval architecture, the tracery in front of the window being a reminiscence of the Flamboyant, the form which the Decorative style took in France, the design of the window itself being entirely Renaissance.¹

We have spoken of the development of windows in Gothic architecture, and a few words will not be out of place here in regard of the stained glass for which England was once so renowned. Its history is obscure, but it is certain that glass-makers had settled in this country at a very early age, and it is supposed that stained glass was known in the time of the Roman occupation.² Before the thirteenth century, English glass was in high repute on the Continent, but it was so much neglected during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that when the windows of the Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, were glazed, it was stipulated that "glasse of England should not be used, as it was inferior to foreign glass."

At the time when English stained glass was at its best, English embroidery was much sought after. At an exhibition of Spanish art, held in London some few years ago, a splendidly-embroidered cope among the exhibits, was found to be of English workmanship, and on investigation showed that it had been taken to Spain at the time of the Reformation. Undoubtedly, a great many treasures of this kind were conveyed abroad in penal times.

¹ The Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan, is another interesting example of early Renaissance work, in which the mediæval spirit is still predominant. The apse is a most graceful piece of architecture.

² See a *History of Design in Painted Glass*. By N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A. London and Oxford, 1894.

When the arts of staining glass and of embroidering flourished, brass and iron work were also brought to great perfection. There are fine monumental brasses in this country, dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The beautiful wrought-iron screen round Henry VII.'s tomb in Westminster Abbey is of English design and execution, and although late, is an excellent specimen of this kind of work. The tomb itself was designed by Torregiano, a fellow-student of Michelangelo's, who, being of an extremely turbulent and passionate temper, made himself amenable to the authorities, and was obliged to escape from Italy to avoid imprisonment. Michelangelo's portraits represent him as having a mutilated nose, and Torregiano is generally supposed to have smashed it in one of his ungovernable fits of rage. Henry VII. was glad to welcome so skilful an artist, and employed him in designing his tomb. Torregiano's is also the beautiful recumbent figure on the tomb of Dr. Young in the Rolls Chapel.

The famous Gloucester candlestick, now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, is of the early twelfth century, and the candlestick made for St. Paul's Cathedral, now in the Church of St. Gudule, in Brussels, is of English workmanship.

In the sixteenth century, it was as if a chill wind passed over every branch of art, and nothing further either of taste or merit was produced in England, in the crafts of which the country had once been so justly proud. An age of utilitarianism set in, and has held sway ever since, resulting indeed in very excellent cotton-spinning, and the manufacture of the best cutlery. Ruskin was not entirely wrong when he exclaimed against the "pestilent Renaissance which overwhelmed everything artistic;" but in truth, painting, sculpture, architecture, rich embroideries, and exquisite carvings in wood and metal were all inadequate to express the highest ideas. Books conveyed them in a far more complete way, and the time had come when books were to be placed within the reach of all who could read them. Before the invention of printing, they were extremely rare and costly; the monasteries had been throughout the middle ages the workshops in which these precious folios were written, illuminated, bound in rich coverings and even adorned with jewels. Here were formed the great libraries, the nurseries of learning, and as far as England was concerned, it was not till the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII., that these treasures were dispersed into the world. For the

most part, it was at first an unappreciative world. Priceless manuscripts were wrenched from their bindings, which attracted the greed of the royal commissioners, and the manuscripts themselves sold as waste paper. It was not till nearly a century later, when many of them had been lost or destroyed, that it became the fashion to collect and treasure up old manuscripts, plain or illuminated.

Up to this point, we have dwelt only on the unpleasing aspects of the Renaissance; but if we put aside the question of art, there is much to interest and instruct in the revival of learning, the spread of printing, and the impulse given to navigation, which led to the discovery of the New World. These things we shall have occasion to consider in a subsequent paper.

Meanwhile, it may not be unprofitable to reflect here that all human inventions, all forms of art serve their purpose and then pass away, to give place to other methods of imparting knowledge more suited to the needs of successive ages. The teaching remains, but is differently conveyed and imparted.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of Thee
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

J. M. STONE.

Stabat Mater.

THE Mother, wrapt in sorrow, stood,
With streaming eyes, beside the rood
Where hung her dying Son.
Her sighs, her tears, her every moan
Told but too well the sword foreshown
Now through her soul was run.
Oh! vain all art of man to show
The depth of that blest Mother's woe,
Mourning her Only-Born.
What anguish wrings her heart, what pangs
Her frame convulse, while Jesus hangs,
Her peerless Son, in scorn.
Oh! who, with heart unmoved, could see
Christ's Mother in such agony
For loss of Son so dear?
Oh! who could bear to look upon
Such Mother sorrowing with such Son
And weep not tear for tear?
She saw Him to the pillar bound,
She heard the savage scourge resound,
His sacred Flesh that rent.
She saw her sweet Son slowly die
Forlorn, in His last agony
As forth His Spirit went.
Teach me at least, O Mother mine,
To fathom those deep woes of thine
And share thy bitter woe;

That I be pleasing unto thee,
Teach me in Christ my God to see,
 With love of Him to glow,
And deeply in my heart engrave
The wounds of Him whose Heart could brave
 The Cross for love of me.
Thus some small portion may I share
Of the dire pains He deigned to bear
 My soul from death to free.
Ôh ! grant each day till life shall end
My bitter tears with thine may blend
 For Jesus Crucified.
Each day in spirit may I go
To hold communion sweet in woe,
 With thee His Cross beside.
Virgin above all virgins blest,
Oh, smile upon my fond request
 His sorrows may I bear ;
Still be it mine, along with thee,
His agony upon the Tree,
 His scorn, His death, to share.
Still may I feel each wound's keen smart,
Still linger on each wound my heart
 And drink deep draughts of love ;
Thus loving Christ my Saviour here,
O Mother, may I know no fear,
 When Christ my Judge shall prove.
O Christ, that I may win my crown,
Thy Mother to mine aid send down,
 When the last hour shall come.
When dust to dust shall be consigned,
Grant then, O Christ, my soul may find
 In Paradise its home. Amen.

Mater Desolata.

THIS is the end, O Mother Piteous.
This is the end of all those sanctitudes
Hid in thy heart, and only known to thee,
And all is over, all is still as death,
Death which is here, and face to face with thee,
Thou living One who wast the Gate of Heaven.
This is his hour ; and he has bowed thee down,
And bruised thee to the earth :—this hour is Death's.
This is the end which both have, hand in hand,
Ever foreseeing, journeyed to so long ;
Yea, step by step, and hour by hour, drawn near.
And thou, thou hast thy Son within thy arms ;
As thou didst hold thy naked new-born babe,
So on thy knees thy naked newly-dead
Is laid, thy Child, His head is on thy arm ;
Here hast thou Him, O Mother, and even yet,
Sitting upon the ground, and all the seas
Of sorrow broken over thee, even yet
Art thou enthroned supreme in all this sphere,
And Heaven and Earth wait round thee as their Queen.

Mother, whose heart is deep as the deep sea !
What hast thou seen to-day, what hast thou done ?
What is this place of slaughter and of skulls ?
What day has this been, since the first ray broke,
And all the Temple precincts woke, and stirred
With bleatings of the lambs ? What hours were those

Till noon?—when from the Temple steps there rang
The blast of trumpets, telling the Lamb was slain,
And over thee was reared and fixed the Cross?
What were those hours that passed—or were they
years?—

Here,—and thou standing by? Here didst thou stand;
Until a great cry rent the earth apart,
And in the Temple shook down right and left
The columns, and the Veil was rent in the midst.
In all the days was ever a day like this?
Or any Mother of mortal race like thee?
Whose feet have trod the long way dolorous.

Thou hast thy dead, O Mother! All is still:
The swords are in thy heart; but in the air
Deepens the quiet of the Sabbath Eve;
Trembles no more the earth to any moan,
Reverberates through the mountains no more cry,
The day is dying, silent as the dead.
Evening:—there was one evening long ago,
When He had not yet come to Bethlehem,
And thou, and Joseph with thee, didst await
In an impenetrable ecstasy
The Midnight, under all the blissful stars.
He came, He came;—and He is gone again,
In darkness deeper, more impenetrable.
Evening—and desolation uttermost,
A bleak and bitter waste of stony hills,
This, this remains, the fruit of all thy years;
And before Midnight thou must lose whate'er
Of treasure still thou holdest in thy arms.

What fire is that which burns behind the hills?
The hills in the East—a spreading, slow, white fire,
And now ascending, orbéd, great, and pale?

O mighty Mother Moon, thou art all amazed !
Thy face is changed even now from white to wan.
What dost thou gaze across the world upon ?
And who are these left on the Hill with thee ?
In all thy wanderings through the fields of heaven,
The happy fields of heaven where grow the stars
In clusters, and among the hollow clouds,
Through silver centuries of centuries.
Mother of Months, thou hast not dreamt of this.

Still, still thou movest on, as in a trance ;—
That trance divine of ten enchanted moons
Which over earth and air and ocean shed
Such hush of heaven that still they sleep in it.
And thou awakest now in wonderment,
And in a horror, and art turned to blood
Already in the darkness of the sky.
And what hast thou to do with Death, O Moon,
Who bringest all Earth's younglings to their Birth ?

For thou art musing still, now all that time
Each herb, and moss, and tree drew from thy beams
Benignant influence, and thou didst infuse
Undreamed of beauty into every form
That did unfold itself ;—while all the wings
Of butterflies waved glorious in the hues
Of other worlds, and all the quickened earth
Heaved with the upward rush of lily stalks
Budding, and every living thing rejoiced
In its own life, and all the harvesting
Was of the overladen corn and fruit.
The bees dropped rivulets of honey-gold
Through that unequalled year, and all the woods
Of the North were ravished with a music known
Never before among the nightingales ;

And the mystic flower of the Samoyedes
Blossomed at midnight starry from the snow ;
And from their fountains bubbling the swift streams
Sang to the stars a song of speechless joy,
Rushing along the rivers to the sea.
And all the brimming estuaries were filled
With many-coloured shoals, and every beach
With the soft wash of each retreating wave
Was strewn with iridescent multitudes
Of shells, and under the enrapturing skies
Auroral and nocturn, the halcyon earth
Lay brooding through the long white sacred dream,
While the White Rose of the World hid in her heart
The Life of the World, and it was one with hers.
And thou, O magical, mysterious Moon,
Knewest all through thy interwoven dance,
And incantations betwixt sphere and sphere,
The pulse responsive, and the rise and fall
Of the Mother's bosom that kept time with thee.

For on thy breast He lay, O Mother !—thy breast,
That could endure such sweetness, strengthened now
Through all thy days and nights of heavenly hope,
And marvelling desire, to bear at last
Thy consummation of beatitude.
The lovely limbs are thine, the downy head
That nestles on thy arm, the soft, small mouth,
The little hands are thine ; it is thy Babe
That smiles upon thee with celestial eyes ;
The Heaven of heavens breathes low upon thy breast.
Yea, thou didst dare the dazzling deeps of joy
Whereof none knoweth, none could bear but thee ;
And all these things are hidden in thy heart.
And deeper grows thy heart with every day,
A royal water-lily that expands

Crown within crown around its golden Sun,
Pale with the lustre of the heavens. O Child,
How dost thou grow from day to day, and stand
Already in thy budded loveliness
The Darling of the World. O Mother, the while
With what absorbed and passionate wistfulness
Thy guardian eyes above thy nurseling move.
Thou didst prevent the dawn, because the day
Could not contain the measureless delight
That rose in thy unfathomable heart
A fountain ever-springing, which the wells
Of Marah had not over-flooded yet,
To speed the long day's hours from joy to joy,
Within the Holy House of Nazareth.

He runs beside thee, and His eager eyes
Wait on thy wishes ; thou hast watched Him wake
From dreams of Heaven, and silent with excess
Of worship, thou, with many a delicate touch
Of delicate fingers, hast arrayed His limbs,
And disentangled all the golden curls ;
And out among the earliest twitterings
Already those two faces light the path,
(The little grassy path of easy steps,
With wild flowers opening, wet with early dew,
Stretching by unknown, steep, precipitous ways
Up to this awful rock of Calvary).
The Child and Mother, each so like to each,
And both so innocent, and both so young,
The Child of Sunrise, and the Morning Star.

This is the End, this is the Sun-setting.—
Here is the Head once more upon thy arm,
O Mother ! scarcely to thy bosom pressed,
Because too bruised even to pillow there.

But one by one the piercing thorns are plucked
Out of the bleeding brows, the matted hair
Is parted tenderly, thy delicate hands
(Amidst the raining, raining of thy tears
Bathing the holy face that looked on thee
Its first, its last, and was so like to thine)
Smooth into rest its agony once more.
Through every wound of every virgin limb
Thy tender fingers feel and search and close;
The piercèd hands drop lifeless in thine own,
And cold and stiff are growing even now;
And no man sees thy face, because thy face
Is hidden in thy veil, and neither He
Beholds it now; and thou hast closed His eyes.

O Mother of Sorrows inconsolable,
Whose sufferings there could none compassionate
Save One, and He has left thee now alone!
The wrenched and ghastly feet are the same feet,
The little warm feet fondled in thy hands,
O Mother-hands! that have not, many a day,
So held Him on thy knees;—and thou hast yet
His Body, made of thine, to dress once more.
Thou hast not faltered yet, thou hast not swerved
In all thy shuddering task; the quick soft hands,
Of face and form marred more than man's before,
Have made again the image pitiful
Of a Divine, dead, marble majesty.

This Babe whom thou didst wrap in swaddling-clothes:—
Oh! that first kiss upon the dawning smile!
Oh! this last kiss upon the livid brows!
The last, last touches on the wounds that wring
Thy heartstrings, which God made too strong to break.
More priceless is this anguish than that bliss;

For whatsoever light revealed, foreshown,
Pierces thy veiled darkness with some dim
Presage of Resurrection, or of some
Crowned seat in Heaven far, far in other days,
Never will that Immortal Son again
Have need of mortal Mother :—yet this once
A minute, and a minute more is thine.
This is thy own, to wash, to dress, to hold,
Thy Son's own Body, fruit of thine own womb,
Yea, to anoint Him for His burial,
And heap the herbs and spices round His limbs,
All things being past save this last agony,
And at the end to fold the winding-sheet.

But oh ! this is the last time,—be it joy
Or sorrow, Heaven or Hell, what matters it ?
For these are minutes that are passing now ;
The hours have passed, the last long hours of all,
Even as passed the days and years behind ;
And never, never more through all the deeps
Of that Redemption which is finished now
Shall He be helpless, nursed within thy arms,
Nor shall thy hands do mother-service more.

Thou droopst lower and lower over Him,
While even now the jealous winding-sheet
Beneath thy hands is stealing Him away.
Is there no more to do ?—Is there no more ?

MARIA MONICA.

The Exultet and the Paschal Candle.

THERE are probably very few of my readers who have ever seen an Exultet-roll, and possibly not very many who know what an Exultet-roll is. Of the dozen or two still in existence, the large majority are to be found in Italy, many of them stowed away with much incongruous ecclesiastical gear in the libraries or treasure-chambers of some of the older cathedrals. A few are in the hands of private collectors, a few more in public libraries, and amongst these there is one which some twenty years ago was purchased for the British Museum. Seeing that all liturgical MSS. of this class closely resemble one another in their general features, a description of this solitary specimen may very well serve to give an idea of the rest.¹ In any case, it will offer an excuse for a few remarks about one of the most ancient and most interesting of the ceremonies known to Catholic ritual—the blessing of the Paschal candle in the service of Holy Saturday.

Imagine a long strip of parchment or vellum, about eleven inches wide and over twenty-two feet long, with a small wooden roller attached to one end, upon which when not in use the vellum is rolled up. The inner surface of the vellum is written upon across its breadth, and any one who begins from the proper end will find that the lines of Lombardic characters with accompanying musical notation succeed each other as conveniently as if they were in a book. Not so, however, the illuminations, with which the document is lavishly adorned.

¹ It is numbered Ad. 30,337, and was purchased in 1877. This roll has been described in some detail by Sir E. Maunde Thompson, now Principal Librarian, in the *Journal of the Archaeological Association* for 1878. An account of another very similar roll by E. Langlois may be found in the *Mélanges Archéologiques &c. de l'Ecole Française de Rome*, vol. vi. (1886). Leroux d'Agincourt (*Histoire de l'Art*, v. pl. 53—56) has given a series of drawings in miniature of one now in the Vatican, and Wattenbach, in the *Anzeiger für Kunde der deutschen Vorzeit* for 1877, describes a very exceptional roll then in the hands of a private collector of Nürnberg. Moreover, the Abbate Peralisi has published a facsimile of an Exultet-roll in the Barberini Library, with a commentary, but this work is unfortunately inaccessible to me.

These to the reader are upside down, and as he continues to unwind the roll, the text is ever and anon interrupted by a coloured miniature extending across the whole width of the vellum, in which first the legs, then the body, then the head and shoulders, and finally the nimbus of the personages depicted therein make their appearance, until, the miniature having all come into view, the writing begins again, and is found to read the right way up as before.

This formula of blessing for the Paschal candle, which was the object of such special attention on the part of scribes and illuminators in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, is substantially identical with that still found in our Missals beginning, *Exultet jam Angelica turba cælorum*. It touches upon a very great variety of topics—the victory of Christ our King rising from the dead, the joy of “Mother Church,” the symbolism of the candle itself, the night of the first Pasch when Israel went out of Egypt and Pharaoh and his hosts were overwhelmed in the Red Sea, the “happy fault” of our forefather Adam “which deserved to have such and so great a Redeemer,”¹ the bees which produced the wax from which the candle is made, the Pope and the Emperor for whom prayer is offered, &c. With this variety of subjects I say, the *Exultet* offered a wide field for the fancy of the monastic artists who illuminated these rolls. In the Museum copy, besides designs which have an obvious reference to the text, such as the fall of Adam, the drowning of Pharaoh, and the descent of Christ into Limbo, the “harrowing of Hell,” as our forefathers called it, we find others whose connection with the *Exultet* is less easily traced. Such are pictures of the Crucifixion, of our Blessed Lady with the Divine Infant, and of the Apparition to St. Mary Magdalen.² These subjects do

¹ “O certe necessarium Adæ peccatum, O felix culpa, quæ talem ac tantum meruit habere Redemptorem.” There was a considerable difference of opinion in the middle ages as to the propriety of this bold language. St. Hugh of Clugny ordered the words to be effaced in his Missal, and in many early MSS. of the *Exultet* we find that they have either been omitted or crossed through. The Church, by retaining them in the Roman Missal, has tacitly pronounced that they may bear a perfectly legitimate acceptance.

² This subject, which occurs also in the Barberini Codex, seems to have been suggested by the fact that the old liturgical writers compared the prominence of the deacon in this service of Easter Eve with the prominence of Mary Magdalen in announcing the Resurrection. The subordinate position of the deacon typified, they thought, the *debiliorem sexum* of the herald of the Resurrection. (Cf. Beletius, *Explic.* c. 109.)

not occur in all rolls of this class, and the number of such miniatures varies somewhat in different specimens. In the Museum copy we may count fourteen distinct pictures; in one at Monte Cassino, described by Caravita,¹ there seem to be even more; in another, which Agincourt has reproduced in his *History of Art*, there are sixteen; in the Roll described by Langlois, fifteen; while the Barberini Codex has only ten.² The bees, which in some of the older texts of the *Exultet* have a long paragraph allotted to them, recalling much of the phraseology of Virgil's 4th *Georgic*, nearly always supply a grotesque illustration, whereas, in the Museum copy, we see the hives, the bee-keeper, and the bees apparently of the size of sparrows flitting to and fro among the flowers.

The most interesting, however, of the miniatures which decorate the *Exultet*-rolls are those which depict the actual chanting of the *Exultet* itself in the service of Holy Saturday. The Paschal candle is fixed in a tall candlestick and is elaborately decorated with ornaments which look like those we are accustomed to find on a wedding-cake. Close beside the candle is a raised *ambo* or pulpit, and in this the deacon is seen chanting from his roll, often enforcing his words with some dramatic gesture. His rank in the hierarchy is conspicuously indicated by the stole which flutters from his left shoulder, but sometimes to prevent all possibility of error, the word *Levita*, suggested by the language of the *Exultet*³ itself, is written over his head. On the opposite side stands the Bishop, or celebrant, in his chasuble, surrounded by ministers, one of whom holds a smoking thurible in his hand. The Bishop and deacon are made conspicuous by the curious oblong and sometimes curved nimbus familiar in the illuminations of the eleventh century.

Occasionally these pictures seem to supply a sort of commentary on the text, as when, for instance, in close connection with the words, *Suscipe Sancte Pater incensi hujus sacrificium vespertinum*, we find an illustration in which both the deacon and the Bishop have their hands upon the candle, evidently indicating that in the artist's idea the "holy Father" referred to was the Bishop,

¹ *I codici e le Arti a Monte-Cassino*, i. p. 304.

² Pieralisi, *Il Preconio Pasquale*, quoted in *Messenger des Fidéles*, p. 113, 1888.

³ "Qui me non meis meritis inter Levitarum numerum dignatus es aggregare."

It is noteworthy that in one of the two versions of the *Exultet* found in the oldest portion (probably before 930 A.D.) of the Leofric Missal, and intended to be used outside of Holy Saturday as a blessing for fire, *sacerdotum* not *Levitarum* is the reading.

who in the name of the Church received the gift of the candle¹ which the deacon was consecrating. But perhaps the most interesting feature of the liturgical illuminations is the explanation they afford of the arrangement by which in the text of the roll the pictures are inserted apparently upside down. Beneath the high *ambo*, in some of the miniatures, there may be seen standing a little crowd of the faithful laity, no great scholars we may assume in the tenth and eleventh centuries. As the deacon proceeds in his chanting, he allows the loose end of his roll to fall over the pulpit among the crowd below. For them the pictures appear the right way up and the writing the wrong way. The writing they are not interested in, but we see them eagerly studying the pictures as they hang dangling in the air, and gathering from the representations of the drowning of the Egyptians, of the fall of our first parents, of the Resurrection of our Lord, of the bees and so forth, a general idea at least of what this solemn chanting is all about.

The sumptuousness of the illustrations in our still extant Exultet-rolls not only renders them extremely interesting to the student of palæography, but affords a much-needed reminder to modern Catholics of the solemnity which once attached to the service of Holy Saturday. If the Exultet-rolls were decorated with a lavish expenditure of time and skill which was equalled only by the care bestowed upon the sacred text of the Gospels, the reason must be found in the fact that the roll, though used but once a year, was regarded as forming an integral part of the greatest celebration in all the ecclesiastical calendar. For the same cause no doubt the *Exultet* is traditionally sung to a chant which is pronounced by all musicians to be the absolute masterpiece of Gregorian plain song.² May the remark be permitted in passing that our indifference in this country to the ritual of Holy Saturday is almost a scandal? Even in those churches where the services can be adequately carried out, there can be found but a handful of worshippers to take part in that which, outside of Holy Mass, is the oldest and most

¹ I shall have occasion to note later that in the words *incensi hujus* there was originally no reference to the grains of incense; they meant no more than *this lighted* (candle).

² "This truly great composition," says Mr. W. M. Rockstro, "is universally acknowledged to be the finest specimen of plain song we possess." He adds, however: "It is of so great length that few ecclesiastics are able to sing it throughout without a change of pitch, which is fatal to the perfection of its effect." (*Grove's Dictionary of Music*, vol. ii. p. 847.)

solemn commemoration in all the Church's liturgy, older and more solemn even than the morning service on Good Friday.

As the origin of the Paschal candle and the *Exultet* by which it is blessed, whatever may be their precise genesis, are unquestionably bound up with the celebration of Easter Eve in the earliest ages of Christianity, it will not surely be out of place to say a few words upon this subject. It was the aim of the early Christians, in accordance with what they conceived to be our Lord's own warning, to study that at the moment of His revisiting the earth they should all be found watching. Hence the Vigil, or night watch, of Easter, upon which tradition declared that our Saviour would come again, was considered as the most solemn of all the vigils of the year. We learn from many authorities of the extraordinary splendour with which it was celebrated, when once the Church had emerged from the Catacombs and was free to perform her worship in public. Of the Emperor Constantine, we are told that he "transformed the night of the sacred Vigil into the brilliancy of day, by lighting throughout the whole city pillars of wax (κηροῦ κίονας), while burning lamps illuminated every part, so that this mystic vigil was rendered brighter than the brightest daylight."¹ In similar terms St. Gregory Nazianzen describes this Vigil as a universal holiday, in which all, high and low, took part, and kept up the illumination until dawn;² and St. Gregory of Nyssa speaks of this "radiant night, which links the splendour of its burning lamps to the morning rays of the sun, and makes one long uninterrupted day without any break of darkness."³

The Christian poet, Prudentius Clemens, who died in A.D. 405, has left amongst his other writings a poem, entitled, *Ad incensum lucernæ*—at the lighting of the lamp. It has been maintained that this is nothing more than a versified *Exultet* intended for the blessing of the Paschal candle. This view is inadmissible, from the fact that the company in which it is found proves it to be no more than a Vesper hymn for daily use. None the less, the poet unquestionably has before his mind the blessing of the great Vigil, the Vigil *par excellence*, of which he regards every recurring twilight as the figure, just as each Sunday of the year is the type of the great Sunday

¹ Eusebius, *De Vita Constantini*, iv. 22.

² Orat. 42, in *Pasch.* 2.

³ Orat. 4. In *Resur. Domini*.

of the Resurrection.¹ The writer's thoughts accordingly wander over the themes which even then were traditionally prescribed for the *Præconium Paschale*, and which are still retained in our *Exultet*, and there can be little doubt that in the passage with which the poem concludes, he is describing nothing else but the illumination of Easter Eve. I borrow with some changes the unrhymed translation of Mr. G. Morison :

In festive joys we spend the night,
Holy our pleasures, psalms and hymns and vows,
And wakeful prayers with mutual counsel are combined,
The sanctuary with holy gifts is piled.
Lights from the ceiling hang by flexile cords,
Whose glittering blaze spangles the fretted roof;
Cherished and fed with oil by floating wicks,
Bright shines the flame through the translucent glass.
Sooth might you say the starry sky,
Studded with trions twain stand, overhead;
The northern wain holds on his steadfast course,
And Hesperos sheds abroad his purple light.

Some writers have maintained that the Paschal candle was, in its origin, nothing more than one of the numerous torches prepared for Easter Eve, on which occasion the length and solemnity of the watching prescribed that the candles used should be of larger dimensions and more splendidly adorned than usual. The evidence, however, seems to point to the conclusion that we really have here one of the few cases in which a liturgical usage has been introduced with a strictly symbolical intention from the very beginning.² I should be loth to affirm this too positively; but the following facts

¹ There is only one day in the year which can possibly be contemplated in such lines as these, which immediately precede the passage quoted above :

Even beneath the realms of Styx
The guilty spirits holy days enjoy,
Respite from penal fire on that blest night
Whereon our holy God returned
From lake of Acheron to heavenly light.

Nor doth the day-star rising from the sea
Lighten the darkness with his brilliant torch,
As doth our Lord, for those who grieve His Cross
Rising again more potent than the sun,
Restore to this sad world new light of day.

Milder burn the penal fires,
Less fiercely rage the sulphurous streams
Of Tartarus; the prisoners there
Confined, from earth discharged, enjoy
Some respite from their pain.

² This is also the view of Dom Ursmer Berlière in his admirable paper on the Paschal candle. (*Messenger des Fidèles* [later *Revue Bénédictine*], 1888, pp. 107, seq.)

cannot be without an important bearing upon the question, and seem alone to afford a sufficient explanation.

In the first place, there can be no doubt that from the very earliest times the rite of holy Baptism was almost universally conferred upon Easter Eve. Tertullian's language upon this point is quite clear,¹ and there is more than one passage in St. Justin's *Dialogue with Trypho*² which finds its most natural explanation in the supposition that the custom was already observed in the first half of the second century. Furthermore, it is clear that even in Apostolic days the ceremony of Baptism was spoken of as the illumination (*φωτισμος*, *illuminatio*), and the baptized were called the enlightened (*φωτισθέντες*, *illuminati*). There is strong reason for interpreting in this sense the passage of St. Paul to the Hebrews (x. 32), where in the Syriac translation the word which we render *illuminated* is represented by a word which means *baptized*. Similarly St. Justin, Origen, and other Christian writers of that first period, use the words *illuminated* and *baptized* as practically synonymous.³ In the next place, we have to remember that the idea was widely entertained that the waters of Baptism derived their sacramental efficiency from the consecration imparted to them by the Baptism of our Blessed Lord. It would take us too far to examine into the evidence for this, but it is abundant and is confirmed by the teaching of early Christian art. When we add that the plunging into the water of the Paschal candle lighted with the new fire⁴ is to be found from the beginning in the ritual of the consecration of the font; and when we remember also how often our Saviour is spoken of as the light,

¹ *De Baptismo*, c. 19.

² cc. 24, 41, 138. Cf. Origen, *In Psalm cxviii*.

³ In the following passage from St. Cyril of Jerusalem's introductory discourse to his series of instructions to the catechumens, delivered in A.D. 347, there seems to be a clear reference alike to the splendour of the Paschal vigil and to the illumination of Baptism.

"May God at length," he says, "show you that night, that darkness which shows like day (*τὸ σκότος τὸ ἡμεροφανές*), concerning which it is said, the darkness shall not be darkened from thee, and the night shall be light as the day. At that time to each man and woman among you may the gate of Paradise be opened." (*Cat. i. § 15.*)

⁴ More correctly, if we look to the earliest Roman usage, the fire which being hidden away on Good Friday was not again seen until it reappeared, a vivid type of the Resurrection, upon Easter night. The earliest purely Roman *Ordines*, that of the Einsiedeln MS., published by De Rossi (*Inscriptiones Christianae*, vol. ii. p. 34), and that of St. Amand, printed by Duchesne (*Origines*, p. 453), though they make no mention of the Paschal candle or *cereus*, speak of two *facule* (torches) which were lighted with the fire hidden on Good Friday, and which were plunged into the font with the words, which we still use, *Descendat in hanc plenitudinem fontis*, &c.

"the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world," it becomes more and more easy to see how naturally, in an age and country where symbolism was almost as the air they breathed, some great light might be set up among the lesser lights of the Paschal vigil as a vivid image of Christ our Lord amongst His illuminated, *i.e.*, newly baptized disciples. It was easy to pass from this to further developments. To plunge this candle, which was the type of our Saviour, into the water of the font which was being blessed for the general Baptism of catechumens following immediately afterwards, was only to re-enact, in a figure whose meaning was patent to all, the Baptism of our Blessed Lord. It hardly needed the words, *Descendat in hanc plenitudinem fontis virtus Spiritus Sancti*—"May the power of the Holy Spirit come down into the fulness of this fountain," to recall to the minds of the spectators how the Holy Ghost had come down in the form of a dove when Jesus Christ was baptized in the waters of the Jordan, while the triple immersion of the candle was a natural emblem of the Blessed Trinity to those who were accustomed to see the catechumens replunged three several times in the water, as the words were spoken: "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father, + and of the Son, + and of the Holy + Ghost." Further, it was no contradiction to the symbolism which saw in the Paschal candle the type of the God-Man, that this column of wax with its crown of flame should lead back the thoughts of the faithful to the pillar of fire which went before the Israelites on the night of their deliverance, the figure of God's presence leading and protecting His people. In nearly all the varying forms of the *præconium paschale* the pillar of fire and the first Pasch are alluded to—as, for instance, in our own *Exultet*:

These are the Paschal feasts wherein the true Lamb is immolated, and the door-posts of the faithful are consecrated by His Blood. This is that night wherein first thou madest our forefathers, the children of Israel, to pass the Red Sea dry-foot. This is that night which dissipated the darkness of sins by the light of a pillar of fire. This is that night which, throughout the whole earth to-day, separating those that believe in Jesus Christ from the vices of this world and from the darkness of sin, restores them to grace and associates them to sanctity.

The obvious reference to the rite of Baptism in this last sentence seems only appropriate to an age when adult Baptism on Holy Saturday was still in universal use, and would alone

suffice to give a very high antiquity to the composition of this form of the *laus cerei*. It may be noted, too, that our deserted churches and the thin group of gaping altar-boys who take part in our ceremonies on Holy Saturday morning, form rather a melancholy commentary on the glowing references to the great function observed *hodie per univēsum mundum*, or still more to the clause at the beginning of the *Exultet*: *Et magnis populorum vocibus hæc aula resultat*—"may this edifice ring again with the loud shouts of the people."

To return, however, to the symbolism of the Paschal candle, it was not surprising that the writers of the middle ages should work out in detail according to their wont the points of resemblance between type and antitype, between lighted pillars of wax and the person of Christ our Lord. Indeed, it may be said that the figure lends itself in many points with peculiar appropriateness to the elaboration of this comparison. Already the *Exultet* itself reminds us how :

This (fire), though it be divided yet loseth it not anything in the communication of its light, feeding itself from the melted wax, which the bee hath produced to make the substance of this precious torch.¹

Even in such wise Christ could give Himself to be the light and life of many human souls and yet remain in Himself entire and unchanged. So the wax of which the candle was formed suggested to mediæval minds a vivid image of the virginal conception of our Blessed Lady, to whom there is explicit reference in many older forms of the *Exultet*.² The bee's singular privilege of chastity was a legend universally accepted in the middle ages, and supported by no less authority than that of the pagan poet Virgil. Hence the clean wax of which the candle was made typified the sacred flesh of Jesus Christ, which He had taken from the most pure substance of His Virgin Mother. No wonder that the pious thought of the early rubricians³ went on to recognize in the wick of the

¹ I have used here and occasionally elsewhere the translation of the first English Holy Week Book—that edited in 1670 and again in 1687 by Sir Walter Kirkham Blount.

² E.g., in the oldest portion of the Leofric Missal: "O vere beata et mirabilis apud cuius nec sexum masculi violant, fetus non quassant, nec filii destruunt castitatem. Sicut sancta concepit Virgo Maria, Virgo peperit et Virgo permansit."

³ For the symbolism of the Paschal candle see Pseudo-Alcuin, *De Divinis Officiis*, c. 19; P.L. Migne, v. 101, 1215; Rupertus Tuitiensis, *De Divinis Officiis*, bk. vi. c. 30; Durandus, *Rationale*, bk. vi. c. 80, &c. Cf. Mühlbauer, *Geschichte und Bedeutung der Wachlichter bei dem Kirchlichen Funktionen*, pp. 184, seq., and Kutschker, *J. Die Heiligen Gebräuche*, vol. ii. pp. 384, seq.

candle an image of the human Soul of Christ, without which His sacred flesh was inert and lifeless, and to see in the blessed flame which crowned it a figure of the Divine Personality of the Word, coming down from Heaven to give life to the world. Whether this flame were the new fire "struck from the veins of flint," from the rock which was Christ, as the present ceremonial prescribes, or whether, as we learn was the custom amongst Teutonic peoples in the ninth century, the fire literally came from heaven, being obtained from the heat of the sun's rays through a burning-glass,¹ or whether, as in the oldest forms of the Roman ritual, the light was that hidden and mystically buried with our Saviour on the Good Friday, the singular aptness of the symbolism in each case need hardly be insisted upon. That the candle should be lighted at intervals from Easter until Ascension Day, and that it should have imbedded in it five grains of incense, emblematical of the Five Sacred Wounds which St. Thomas was bidden to touch and examine as the precious jewels which marked that glorified Body, was only a development of the idea identifying this Paschal light with the risen life of our Saviour. Taking it all in all there is perhaps no more perfect specimen of Christian symbolism to be found in the whole of Catholic liturgy than that of the Paschal candle.

With regard to the celebration of Easter Eve and the splendour of the illuminations with which the churches and even the streets were lit up in the early ages of Christianity throughout both East and West, something might not unfittingly have been said about the astounding scene which still takes place every year on this day in the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; when, as is pretended by ecclesiastics of the orthodox Greek and Armenian Church, the holy fire comes anew from heaven to light the lamp of the sepulchre and to show God's favour to mankind. That this miracle is no more than a clumsy imposture is now universally admitted, but it is interesting as a survival of the intense

¹ On the use of lenses, cf. the Epistle of Pope Zacharias (+ 752) to St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. In the life of St. Ulric, who became Bishop of Augsburg in 924, we find that the burning-glass used for the purpose was held in special honour as one of the instruments of worship to be carried in processions. The earliest mention of procuring the new light from flint and steel seems to occur in a Homily of Leo IV. (*De Cur. Pastor.* c. 7), belonging to the middle of the ninth century. Rupertus Tuitiensis, about the year A.D. 1111, seems to leave it optional to procure fire either by means of a lens or by flint and steel.

religious enthusiasm with which this vigil has been observed from the age of the first Christians.

Passing now to the date of the solemn Benediction of the Paschal candle, or *Laus Cerei*, the evidence has assumed a new complexion since what may fairly be called the "discovery" by Dom Germain Morin, that a letter of St. Jerome on the subject, formerly treated as spurious, must henceforth be regarded as his genuine composition. It is addressed to Presidius, deacon of Placentia, and it contains St. Jerome's reply to a request which Presidius had made that the great scholar would compose for him a *Carmen Cerei* (poem of the candle), in other words an *Exultet*, for the deacon to use in his church of Placentia. In answer to this St. Jerome, without plainly accepting or declining, makes certain difficulties, commenting rather severely upon the extravagance sometimes displayed in such compositions, in which, as he complains, the writers, in speaking of bees, are apt to drag in a whole book of Virgil's *Georgics*.¹ It would occupy too much space to discuss the arguments which Dom Morin adduces for restoring this epistle to St. Jerome, or those with which in his most courteous but overwhelming rejoinder to the Abbé Duchesne, he meets one or two objections raised by the latter scholar.² It will be sufficient to draw attention to the conclusions which necessarily follow if we regard the authenticity of this letter as established. Dom Morin himself has summarized them for us in the earlier of the two articles I am referring to :

1. The blessing of the Paschal candle was already in use in the year 384 in the Church of Placentia. The terms in which St. Jerome expresses himself, make it clear that the practice even then was neither of recent introduction nor peculiar to this particular Church.

2. The office of blessing the candle was then, as now, the privilege of the deacon. It was a solemn function performed in the presence of the Bishop and the whole assembly of the clergy.

3. The formula employed on this occasion assumed, as in our own time, the character of a *prædicatio* in the primitive sense

¹ "Præterea Virgillii totus Georgicorum liber profertur in medium." (Ep. *Ad Presidium*. Migne, *P.L.* xxx. 188.)

² Not all Dom Morin's courtesy can prevent the Abbé Duchesne from cutting a somewhat ridiculous figure under the rigorous scrutiny to which his objections are submitted. Dom Morin's two articles will be found in the *Revue Benedictine* for January, 1891, and for September, 1892.

of the term, viz., that of a preface or eucharistic prayer not merely read, but sung.¹

4. The duty of composing this preface was left to the deacon, who was supposed to improvise² it or to sing it by heart. Considerable liberty prevailed in this matter both then and for a century later, down to the time of Ennodius.

5. These improvisations bore a pretty close resemblance both in thought and expression to the *Exultet* now actually in use. This is especially true if we compare them with the primitive form of the *Exultet*, which contains many Virgilian touches which have since disappeared.

On one or two points a remark may be added to this summary. Dom Morin supposes his readers to be aware that not only is St. Augustine named in ancient liturgical MSS. as the author of our *Exultet*, but also that the same Saint himself mentions casually³ that he had composed a *laus cerei* in verse, quoting two or three lines of it. Similarly we still possess two short but florid compositions of Ennodius, written with the same object, as well as a certain variety of forms for blessing the Paschal candle contained in the Sacramentaries, and in the Mozarabic, Ambrosian, and Gallican rituals. All these, as the learned Benedictine notes, though differing widely in language, have many features in common.

Furthermore it is worthy of remark that while St. Jerome and St. Augustine both seem perfectly familiar with the *laus*

¹ I do not think that we are justified in assuming that the whole of the *Exultet* has always been chanted like a preface, as is done at present. The introductory portion preceding the *Per omnia secula seculorum* clearly stands apart, and it is curious that in a very interesting MS. of the British Museum (Ad. 16,605) which contains the *Exultet*, the neums (signs of musical notation) are marked above the words from this point only, and not in what precedes. The *Regularis Concordia* attributed to St. Dunstan expressly notes of the earlier part of the *Exultet*, "hanc orationem quasi voce legentis proferens dicat." Again, it is noteworthy that in the Leofric Missal the last portion, *Precamur ergo te Domine*, &c., is separated from the rest and has a rubric prefixed to it, "Hic quasi collecta," and that another prayer intervenes between the *Exultet* and the Prophecies. For these reasons it does not seem to me clear that the letter of St. Gregory (*Ep.* 33) telling the Bishop of Ravenna that the "prayer over the candle" (*preces que super cereum in Ravennatis civitate dici solent*) may be said in his absence by some one else, can be regarded as establishing the fact that the *laus cerei* was there chanted by the Bishop and not by a deacon.

² Duchesne and other writers before him have suggested that a good deal of improvisation was tolerated for some centuries in the eucharistic prayer known to us all as the Preface of the Mass. It is difficult to explain upon any other hypothesis the prodigious variety of Prefaces to be found in that curious liturgical *collectanea*, the Leonine Sacramentary.

³ *De Civitate Dei*, bk. xv. c. 22.

cerei, St. Silvia of Aquitaine, who visited Jerusalem about the same epoch (c. 380), found everything at the Holy Sepulchre upon the Easter vigil carried out just as she was accustomed to see it at home. During the rest of Holy Week, she notices many ritual usages at Jerusalem each day that were strange and unfamiliar, but of Holy Saturday night she says, "The ceremonies of the Paschal vigil are carried out here just as they are with us." It is not perhaps too much to infer that at that period the rite of the Paschal candle and the *laus cerei* were already observed throughout the entire Christian world. St. Jerome, freshly returned to Italy from Palestine, speaks as though the practice were in general use, without distinction of locality. St. Augustine, at the same date, was clearly familiar with it in Africa, and his contemporary, the poet Prudentius, in Spain; it would be strange indeed if St. Silvia, attesting the absolute agreement of Palestine with Southern Gaul in the ceremonies of Easter Eve, had meant to exclude the rite of the Paschal candle.

It seems to me therefore unnecessary to delay over the Abbé Duchesne's curious reluctance to allow the existence of this ceremony at an early date in Rome. That it was conceded to the parish churches there before the middle of the sixth century, the learned professor is constrained to admit, but he declares that the Popes would not tolerate it in the ritual of their own Basilica.¹ Whatever the truth may be, it would be hard to find a more instructive lesson than is here afforded of the danger of building upon purely negative evidence. If it were not for the chance allusion in the second edition of the *Liber Pontificalis*, the Abbé Duchesne would infallibly have told us that the Paschal candle was absolutely unknown in Rome until the ninth or tenth century, seeing that no trace of it is found in any purely Roman service-book before that date. As things are, he is himself compelled to allow that it was familiar in every parish of the city in the middle of the sixth century, and that the writers of that day referred its introduction to the time of Pope Zosymus (A.D. 417).

Let us pass to a point of greater interest. The symbolism of the five grains of incense, in which nearly all liturgical writers have recognized a figure of the Five Sacred Wounds retained in our Lord's glorified Body, has already been touched upon.

¹ He argues from the fact that there is no mention of the Paschal candle in the two purely Roman *ordines*, that of the Einsiedeln MS. and the Paris 974.

Taking this portion of the ritual as an accomplished fact, it would be a singularly unpoetical and matter-of-fact mind which could find this addition to the rite of the Paschal candle either extravagant or inappropriate. It was a beautiful thought to introduce these five jewels of sweet-smelling incense, emblematic of prayer and incorruption, so that they might form a cross upon the column which signifies our Lord's risen Body. And yet it seems clear that in this case, as in many others among the ceremonies of the Church, accident, or rather, a positive blunder, has led to the adoption of the rite. There is nothing irreverent or un-Catholic in the belief that in all such matters Divine Providence has guided the action of clergy and faithful, and that by the operation of natural causes those ceremonies have been introduced, or retained, which were in themselves fitted to lend beauty to God's external worship. Such at least I believe to have been the case in this instance.

The five grains of incense are fixed in the Paschal candle when the deacon arrives at the words of the *Exultet*—*Suscipe Sancte Pater incensi hujus sacrificium vespertinum*—words which are translated in the *Holy Week Book* I have before me, "Receive, O Holy Father, the evening sacrifice of this incense." But if we examine the passage which follows, it becomes abundantly clear that the word *incensi* does not mean "incense," but simply "this lighted (candle)," for we are told it is an "oblation made of the work of bees," and there is not a syllable in the context at this point which suggests the least allusion to precious gums. Again, if the reader will examine the prayer which is assigned earlier, in the same Office of Holy Saturday, to the blessing of the grains of incense, he will find a form which is clearly intended, not for incense, but for light or fire: *Hunc nocturnum splendorem, Deus, invisibilis regeneratore accende, &c.*—"Enkindle, O God, this nocturnal radiance by an invisible regeneration, that the sacrifice which this night we offer may shine afar with the mysterious admixture of Thy own Light." And if the language of the prayer were not in itself sufficient, the reader may turn to the Gelasian Sacramentary, where he will find the same prayer placed after the *laus cerei* with a rubric preceding which makes it abundantly clear that it was intended to bless not incense, but the candle itself.¹ It would be easy to

¹ In the Vatican MS. of the Gelasianum (Regin. 316), the oldest existing text, the reading is, *Veniat Domine super hunc incensum*, not *super hoc incensum*, as in our present Missal. Moreover, in the Leofric Missal, p. 131, where a portion of this same

illustrate, if there were need, this use of the word *incensus* absolutely for a lighted candle, and the confusion between *hic incensus* and *hoc incensum* must have been both ancient and widespread, for we find Cassian, in the fifth century, evidently misunderstanding the *hora incensi* of the Vulgate in St. Luke's Gospel, and taking it to be the equivalent of Prudentius' *ad incensum lucernæ*, the hour of vespers, or as the Greeks called it, λυχνικόν.¹

And so, the reader may say, the introduction of the grains of incense is simply a modern blunder, a clumsy excrescence upon a venerable rite. Well, I answer, in some sense a blunder certainly, but by no means a modern one. A blunder over a thousand years old is likely to have something to recommend it for its own sake. If it had been a mere blunder, it would have come into existence and perished within a few years, without spreading beyond the corner of the world in which it originated. As it is, it has been adopted by the Universal Church, and the symbolism which pious and learned teachers have attached to the grains of incense, has found acceptance and awakened devotion wherever men were found devout and intelligent enough to appreciate its beauty. I have said that this addition to the ritual of Easter Eve is a thousand years old, let me briefly state the evidence.

In the Pontifical of Egbert, Archbishop of York, who died in A.D. 766, is to be found a prayer for the blessing of the incense used for the Paschal candle. Now, although it cannot safely be assumed that this blessing is really as ancient as the time of Archbishop Egbert himself, none the less it occurs in the oldest portion of the volume, in a handwriting of the tenth

prayer has been used really to bless incense, with the heading, *consecratio thymiamatis*, its form is completely changed, the allusions to light being replaced by allusions to sweet odours.

¹ I am not quite sure that even this goes quite to the bottom of the confusion. A certain quantity of wax seems to have been one of the constituents of incense. So we find in the *Ordo Romanus* (Muratori, *Lit. Rom.* II. p. 1,004), that the Agnus Dei, which were made in part out of the Paschal candle, were distributed to the people on Low Sunday, *Et ex eis faciunt in domos suas incensum ad suffumigandum pro qualicunque eis eveniente necessitate*. From a Sarum Ordinal quoted by Rock (MS. Harleian, 1,001), it would seem that the deacon, at the words, *Suscipe Sancte Pater incensi hujus sacrificium vespertinum* of the *Exultet*, took a small quantity of wax from the candle, and burnt it in the thurible before fixing the grains of incense in their place. It is not easy to construe the passage, which runs thus: "Ponat ipse diaconus incensum in thuribulo tantummodo cereum et postea quinque grana incensi, qui ab execute ore officii fuerint sanctificata atque benedicta postquam novus ignis benedicendus fuerit, firmiter in ipso cereo infigat in modum crucis."

century, prefaced by the following rubric: "Benedictio incensi in Sancto Sabbato antequam benediceris (*sic*) cereum, et ipsum debes mitti (*sic*) in cereum in ipso loco ubi dicitur, *Suscipe incensi*."¹

The language of the prayers given (there are two) makes it clear that the blessing really has reference to incense and not to the burning candle. "Impart, O Lord," it is said, "to this creature of incense the force and virtue of Thy sweet savour;" and again, "Bless, O Lord, this creature of incense, that all sorrows and assaults of the enemy may be banished wherever its perfume is perceived." It is curious that while in Anglo-Saxon England these prayers have been composed or adapted to fit the purpose for which they were used, the Roman Missal has retained throughout all these ages a blessing for the incense grains, which bears upon the face of it the evidence of its being originally designed for an entirely different purpose.

Many other interesting points concerning the Paschal candle must necessarily here be passed over. Much, for instance, might be said about the practice of lighting the candle at the words *rutilans ignis accendit*—a rubric which has originated simply in a misunderstanding of the words. All the most venerable service-books represent the candle as lighted at the very beginning, and the illuminations in many of the Exultet-rolls quite confirm this idea. Much also might be added on the practice of inscribing the date and other particulars of the calendar upon the candle or on a small plate which was fixed in it—a custom observed in Rome, on the testimony of Venerable Bede, in the year 701. I will add only one brief word on the imposing size which these candles have assumed not only in Italy, where the candlesticks are frequently made of marble, and are regarded as adjuncts of the pulpit, but in England and in Spain.

At Durham, just before the Reformation, we are told of a magnificent erection with dragons, and shields representing the four Evangelists and

crystall stones . . . with curious anticke worke as beasts and men upon horsebacks, with bucklers, bowes and shafts and knotts, with broad leaves spread upon the knotts very finely wrought, all beinge of most fine and curious candlestick metal, having six candlesticks or flowers

¹ "The blessing of the incense on Holy Saturday before you bless the candle, and you ought to put it into the candle at the place where the words occur, *Suscipe incensi*." (p. 130.)

coming from it, three of every side. . . . The Pascall in latitude did containe almost the bredth of the Quire, in longitude that did extend to the height of the lower vault, wherein did stand a long piece of wood reaching within a man's height to the uppermost vault rooffe of the church. . . . In conclusion, the Pascall was estimated to bee one of the rarest monuments in England.¹

As a companion to this picture, I may add a more modern account, by the unfortunate Blanco White, of the Paschal candle at the beginning of this century in the Cathedral of Seville.

The service begins this morning without either the sound of bells or musical instruments. The Paschal candle is seen by the north side of the altar. But before I mention the size of that used in our Cathedral, I must protest against all charges of exaggeration. It is in fact a pillar of wax, nine yards in height and thick in proportion, standing on a regular marble pedestal. It weighs eighty *arrobas*, or two thousand pounds of twelve ounces. This candle is cast and painted new every year, the old one being broken into pieces on the Saturday preceding Whit Sunday, the day when part of it is used for the consecration of the baptismal font. The sacred torch is lighted with the *new fire*, which this morning the priest strikes out of a flint; and it burns during service until Ascension Day. A chorister in his surplice climbs up a gilt-iron rod, furnished with steps like a flagstaff, and having the top railed in, so as to admit of a seat on a level with the end of the candle. From this crow's-nest, the young man lights up and trims the wax pillar, drawing off the melted wax with a large iron ladle.²

The rite of the Paschal candle is very intimately connected with the pious objects of devotion called *Agnus Deis*, which are made in Rome chiefly out of the wax of the Paschal candles of former years. This practice is a very ancient one, and the Abbé Duchesne is inclined to believe that it is more ancient than the use of the Paschal candle itself; but the subject would require to be treated in a separate article.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *Durham Rites*. Surtees Society, p. 9.

² Leucadio Doblado (Blanco White), *Letters from Spain*, p. 299.

Protestant Fiction.

BEFORE concluding this series of papers, I propose to touch very briefly upon two or three aspects of Protestant fiction which have not hitherto been mentioned. As I said at the beginning, I have purposely limited my range; the subject is capable of almost indefinite extension. But I must not pass over the contributions of the newspapers to the subject, nor can I omit a special reference to the "historical" literature provided for children.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

Perhaps these hardly come under the head of Protestant Fiction, but seeing how largely they influence people's notions, it may be worth while to give two or three recent instances from important public prints, showing how completely Catholic matters are misunderstood, and how difficult it is—owing to the gift of inerrancy which attaches to the editorial chair—to obtain the correction of misstatements.

1. The *Scotsman* of Nov. 27, 1895, published the following :

The new catalogue of the *Index* has just been published, and the Press of Italy (writes a correspondent) has drawn the attention of the public to the curious fact that Pope Leo XIII. stands condemned upon it. The people are very much amused at what has overtaken an infallible Pope. The facts are as follows: Before he became Pope, when he was Cardinal Gioachino Pecci, he wrote a book, entitled *Del Sangue Sacratissimo di Maria, studii per ottenere la festività del medesimo* (concerning the most sacred blood of Mary, studies for obtaining a festival for the same). It was printed and published in Perugia, and condemned on January 10, 1875, and more curious still there is a note on the *Index* to the following effect: *Auctor laudabiliter se subjecit, et opus reprobavit* (the author praiseworthily submitted himself, and the work was condemned). Of course, as the book was written three years before the Pope was elected to the Chair of St. Peter, it must have been condemned before; but each time the catalogue is published, each time it is anew condemned. The difficulty

is to take it off. Once a book is on the *Index*, there it must remain, for the Church that placed it there is infallible. But the Pope has become infallible too, so a curious conflict has arisen.

Father John Vaughan, in the same paper for Nov. 30th, published a letter showing—what to every Catholic is obvious enough—that, “supposing the facts to be as stated,” the inferences were wholly unwarranted, being “based upon a complete misconception both as to the nature and range of the Catholic doctrine of Papal Infallibility.” The *Scotsman’s* original paragraph found its way into numerous newspapers: Father Vaughan’s letter was less fortunate. But the *coup de grace* was given to the fable by a letter from Mgr. Merry del Val, in the *Standard* of Dec. 12th, in which it was pointed out (1) that the book was not written by Cardinal Pecci, but by a Canon Paoletti; (2) that Cardinal Pecci “used every endeavour to stop the publication,” and, when it was condemned, bought up all the remaining copies; (3) that it was the then Pope himself (Pius IX.) who brought the book under the notice of the *Index*.

Mgr. Merry del Val trusts that this will show “the care taken by the Holy See to preserve purity of doctrine and reasonable devotion.” But is this the result? Certainly not in all cases, for the deduction of the *Westminster Gazette* of the same date is that “Father Vaughan must feel a little foolish when he reads the letter in the *Standard* from the Pope’s Chamberlain”!

But the story does not end here. On Friday, Dec. 13th—more than a fortnight after the publication of the statement in the *Scotsman*—the *Daily Chronicle*, in a column headed “*Daily Chronicle* Office, Friday morning,” prints a summary of the paragraph and Father Vaughan’s letter, making no allusion to Mgr. Merry del Val’s communication. I sent a letter calling attention to this conclusion of the fiction, but it was not published, nor was any correction made! I never bet—the result is too uncertain; but if I did, I would wager a considerable sum that this account, probably headed “Leo XIII. placed on the *Index*,” will duly appear in the Protestant press, and that at no distant date.

2. The *Daily News* of Dec. 4th published, under the heading “A Post Office Mystery,” the following letter, which, although long, I must not spoil by excisions:

Sir,—It was only recently that I became aware that the Post Office officials in England possessed the power to limit, and, in some cases, to suppress altogether, the correspondence of persons with whose political or religious opinions they do not agree. I purchased that information at some expense, but I am willing to present it to you and your readers gratis. You will no doubt remember that in September last the Italians celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of "The Liberation of Rome." It was on the 20th September, 1870, that King Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi stormed the city of Rome, and established a Government in accordance with the wishes of the Italian people. It was on the 20th of September, 1895, that the Italians desired to celebrate in a fitting manner the anniversary of the day of their emancipation. Amongst other incidents connected with that celebration, the Government issued a special pictorial postcard. I believe, but am not certain, that no other postcard can now be obtained at the Italian post-offices. The card bears the usual 10-cent stamp and the words, "Cartolina postale-commemorativa de XXV. anniversario della Liberazione di Roma MDCCC MDCCC LXX LXXXV."

In October last I received one of these postcards from a gentleman resident in Italy. The English Post Office surcharged this card 3d. It had already paid the Italian postage of 10 cents., or one penny. The total postage on this card was therefore 4d. The postage of an ordinary letter to Italy is 2½d. I paid the 3d. as demanded, and later on called at the Post Office here, and inquired why this, or any, tax was placed on the card. The local officials were unable to afford any explanation, and referred me to the Secretary of the General Post Office. On the 19th of November I accordingly wrote to that gentleman, and on the 22nd he replied acknowledging the receipt of my letter, and inviting me "to forward the card to which you refer to this office." I replied on the 23rd that I was quite willing to send up the card if he (the Secretary) would promise to return it undefaced within seven days from its receipt. As up to now I have heard nothing from the Secretary, I presume that when he invited me to send up the card he intended to confiscate it. As I could obtain no information in England, I sought for it in Italy. In reply to my inquiries, it is stated that these cards are regarded at the Vatican as so objectionable that the Pope has excommunicated all who receive it or aid in its circulation. It is more than hinted that our Postmaster-General, recognizing to the full the force of this Papal anathema, has placed this tax upon the Italian postcards so as to limit their circulation in this country, and, in many cases, to stop it altogether. Whether this is a true explanation of the 3d. surcharge I cannot, of course, say; but it is the only one which I have been enabled to obtain either in Italy or in England, and as such I offer it for your consideration. It would be interesting to know

if others of your readers have been fined, as I have, for the sins of the Italian Government.

Your obedient servant,

3, Manston Terrace, Exeter.

E. A. DYMOND.

Neither Mr. Dymond nor the Editor of the *Daily News* seems to have thought it at all strange that the Duke of Norfolk should escape excommunication by imposing a tax of 3d. on the peccant postcards—the Protestant mind is so familiarized with the purchase of indulgences that this cheap and easy way of avoiding spiritual penalties by taxing the English public no doubt seemed natural enough, though it must be admitted that the terms are unusually reasonable. Even Father Paul's tariff, which struck "gentle Alice Brown" as "so singularly cheap" was greatly in excess of this:

Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown?—exactly twelve and six.

Yet four days were allowed to elapse before the *Daily News* printed the following explanation: and even then with an editorial footnote which seems to imply that the matter is hardly cleared up:

Sir,—Under the heading of "A Post Office Mystery," I have just noticed a letter in your issue of the 4th inst., attributing a surcharge of 3d. on an Italian postcard to political motives. To those in the Post Office service such an idea is rather amusing. The true explanation is this: Nothing must appear on the front of a postcard but the stamp and words "Post Card," whereas, contrary to this regulation, words relating to the commemoration of the liberation of Rome appeared on the face of the postcard in question, rendering the card liable to letter post rate, viz., 2½d., one penny of this being paid by the stamp on the card, a deficiency of 1½d. (at letter rate) remained, and as all postal packets are taxed double the deficiency in postage, the charge of 3d. complained of is explained.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

COUNTRY POSTMASTER.

Castletown, Isle of Man.

(We have received many letters making precisely similar complaints to that of our correspondent to whom the "Country Postmaster" replies.)

3. It is Papal Infallibility—surely the most persistently misunderstood of all Catholic dogmas—over which the *Daily Telegraph* of Nov. 26, 1895, comes to grief. In what I believe is called a "leaderette," the "largest circulation in the world" expresses its sympathy with the Pope, who, it appears, was

suffering from hoarseness. And why? "Recently he had been obliged to have an interview with three Irish Bishops, and the conversation had to be carried on in Latin." Moreover, in order to be understood by his visitors, "he had to teach his stubborn Italian lips to try to talk Latin with a brogue: hence the lamentable loss of voice." Now comes the point: and I must for once be allowed to indulge in italics:

His Holiness the Italian Pontiff must have felt a desire to implore his visitors to forget for the nonce their native tongue, and explain their mission without those picturesque accents which, however charming on the lips of a pretty woman, do not always prove attractive in the case of a man or Bishop. *But what will the Irish ecclesiastics think now of the dogma of Papal infallibility?*

What indeed? And what will they think of the *Daily Telegraph*?

4. After this the shortcomings of the *Standard* are insignificant. Yet it was odd to read, on the occasion of the recent earthquake in Rome, that the Pope "ordered the *Rosario* to be intoned:" while the account of the service held in a city church on Jan. 30th, in commemoration of Charles I.,¹ is even more extraordinary than the service itself. It was strange enough, though the *Standard* did not seem to notice it, to celebrate a mass "for the repose of the King's soul" "in a crimson chasuble, embroidered with silver;" but this pales before the entry of "acolytes in scarlet cassocks and cottas, carrying crucifer and thurifer." How did they do it? pick-a-back? or did they attempt something in imitation of the *sedia gestatoria*?

5. Here is an American specimen—from the *New York Observer* of Jan. 16, 1896: it needs no comment.

It is a well-known principle that a house divided against itself cannot stand. We are somewhat at a loss accordingly to explain a circumstance noted in one of the daily papers, in connection with the recent Satolli glorification in Baltimore, to the effect that Cardinal Gibbons, who was specially commissioned by the Pope to confer the beretta, "occupied his throne on the gospel side of the sanctuary, robed in full canonical vestments, while a temporary throne had been provided and was occupied by the candidate on the epistle side." It is comforting to know that there is after all some gospel in the Church of Rome, but just why whatever gospel there may be, whether more or less,

¹ It is noteworthy that Charles is the only Anglican example of a quasi-canonization; and that his "office" was removed from the Book of Common Prayer by the same authority which secured its insertion—i.e. the State.

should be arrayed against—or be so far removed from—so much of epistolary truth as the communion contains, is difficult to understand. Are the gospels and epistles quite out of harmony one with another, according to the critical canons of the Romish church? Has Rome a new Biblical theology to that effect?

6. Just as I am sending this to press comes a paragraph in the *Westminster Gazette* (March 16), stating that at a certain chapel in a family residence in Lancashire,

"the Lamp of the Sanctuary" was lighted, according to tradition, at the introduction of Christianity into England, and it has been kept burning ever since up till recently.

The residence must evidently be a very old one.

Even the Anglican movement has not familiarized newspapers with Catholic terminology: here is a piece of translation from the French from a recent *Daily Chronicle*:

Frédéric [why not "Frederick," if we *are* translating?] walked straight up to the chief altar. Having made his children kneel down, he turned to the communion-table [!], &c.

I am sorry that my want of acquaintance with the *Times* prevents me from giving any examples from that paper, but I have no reason to believe that it lags behind the rest, or that it is false to its traditions. Every one will remember Newman's account of the supposed sin-table at St. Gudule, at Brussels, and how it turned out to be a tariff, not of sins, but of seats; and how the *Times*, within a few weeks of the indignant disclaimer of the Brussels authorities, said: "It is the practice, as our readers are aware, in Roman Catholic countries, for the clergy to post up a list of all the crimes to which human frailty can be tempted, placing opposite to them the exact sum of money for which their perpetration will be indulged."¹

7. One other aspect of journalism must be mentioned. There are two "religious" newspapers, each of which has an enormous circulation—the *Christian World* and the *British Weekly*. The former is "read weekly by nearly half a million of people," and has "correspondents in all parts of Christendom;" the latter is "a journal of Social and Christian Progress."² The *Christian World* weekly devotes much space to a "Chronicle of the Churches," to which the "News of the Churches" in the *British Weekly* corresponds. It is hardly

¹ *The Present Position of Catholics in England*. Lecture iii.

² *Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press*, 1896.

credible that Catholics are excluded from the "Churches" of the *Christian World*, while Unitarians find a place therein, but such is the fact; and the "Churches" recognized by the *British Weekly* are similarly exclusive. One would have thought that a "Christian World" from which Catholics were shut out would be somewhat restricted in its scope; but the two papers I have mentioned do not see matters in this light. I wrote to the editors of each at the beginning of February, asking whether Roman Catholic news was intentionally excluded, and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. A representative of the *Christian World* answered: "I do not think there is a sufficient desire among my readers for Roman Catholic news to justify its insertion to the exclusion of other matter"—a suggestion which of course I did not make: the *British Weekly* pocketed my stamps and said nothing. It will be remembered that two years ago, at one of the Grindelwald picnics for discussing the unity of Christendom exploited by the Rev. Dr. Lunn, Mr. Price Hughes started with the proposition that the Catholic Church must be excluded from any scheme of reunion, on the ground of its being "an impossible creed." The play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out would be a trifle compared with this; but it must be remembered, as we shall see later on, that many excellent Protestants refuse to allow that Catholics are Christians, except in a modified and restricted sense.

"UP TO DATE."

In case it should be supposed that Protestant fiction is a thing of the past, I should like to say that, besides *The Gold of that Land*, from which I have quoted in the preceding pages, last Christmas saw the appearance of *The Girleen*,¹ in which the regulation Jesuits—"clean shaved, with sinister faces and small dark eyes"—are engaged in their favourite occupation of kidnapping babies. Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., who are almost as Protestant publishers as Mr. Kensit—though their books are always respectable—issued at about the same time (I think—but the title-pages are not dated) *The Spanish Maiden: a Story of Brazil*, by Mrs. Emma E. Hornibrook (2s. 6d.), and *Brownie, or the Lady Superior*, by Eliza F. Pollard (2s.). The Spanish Maiden and the padre became Protestants in the last chapter, as all the good people had already done who were not so before. The trail of the Jesuits is over the book; we read of "the old Jesuit teaching, 'The end justifies the means,'"

¹ By Edith Johnstone. Blackie and Son.

and their influence even permeates the Brazilian religious processions, wherein "by Jesuitical contrivance our Lord is represented with fair hair, to show He had not the blood of the degraded races." As for the Lady Superior, who lived in a "convent of St. Martin"—which "was founded in the fourth century," and must therefore have been contemporaneous with its patron Saint—she turned out to be Helen Mordaunt, and Brownie's mother—on discovering which she ran away from her convent, and "extra masses were said all day in the chapel" in consequence.

Then there is a new story—*Almost a Nun*—which "may with safety be placed in the hands of the youngest child"—an opinion in which I am glad to coincide, for every one knows the wholesome instinct of "the youngest child" towards the destruction of literature. The advertisement also tells us that it is "founded on fact, *but* with sound Gospel teaching"—an antithesis which seems somewhat unfortunate. The author of this story is Mrs. Julia M'Nair Wright, author of *Priest and Nun*, already noticed in these chapters, and its publisher Mr. Robert Banks, who apparently shares No. 5 Racquet Court—a somewhat obscure turning out of Fleet Street—with Mr. Robert Steele, Secretary of the Protestant Evangelical Mission and Electoral Union. This body published a work, *The Confessional Unmasked*, which—but Mr. Steele shall tell us about it. He wrote to the *English Churchman* of Feb. 20, 1896:

In reply to "J. F. W.," who, in your issue of Thursday last, wrote for information respecting *The Confessional Unmasked*, the Protestant Electoral Union, I regret to say, were compelled to discontinue its circulation after the murder of Mr. Murphy, the imprisonment of Mr. Mackay, and the prosecution of myself by the Government. If you will kindly allow me, I shall be glad to send you a copy of the case, "*Steele v. Brannan*," as stated by Sir Thomas Henry for the Court of Common Pleas in 1872. I cannot but think that when England returns to her right mind the facts connected with the publication and circulation of *The Confessional Unmasked* will have an interest which they do not now possess, save to a few.

It is satisfactory to know that works of this kind only interest "a few." I saw a copy of *The Confessional Unmasked* lately mentioned in a catalogue of second-hand books, wherein it was headed "Curious," and priced at 15s.

Mrs. J. M'N. Wright says in her preface to *Almost a Nun*:

Of this story I can only say, "the half has not been told." Who of these things can tell the truth in a readable book? My story is

composed almost entirely of *fact*. *All the leading incidents are sober truths*; my characters are not children of fancy, but the people of to-day.

One specimen of her "sober truths" may be given. Ida Zanier, aged four, was to be baptized, but, being "a spoiled child," she objected. "Sister Agnes offered her a paper of candy and a little china doll if she would be good:" and the ceremony began.

Her mother led her up before the priest; the sponsors took their places, and the ceremony began. Ida, mindful of the candy and doll, was quite peaceful for some minutes; but when the morsel of the holy wafer was put in her mouth, she flew into a rage, violently spit it out, and cried, "Candy, candy; I must have candy! That ain't candy! I won't have it! I won't! I won't!" and the baptism was finally finished, amid the ill-repressed indignation of the priest and the Mother Superior.

Of this work,

Mr. R. E. Sears, Editor of *Life and Light*, says: "A thoroughly good Protestant book. Very interesting and instructive; exposing as it does the dangers of children and young people sent by Protestant parents to Roman Catholic Schools and Convents:"

while

a Lady who has purchased several copies for distribution, writes: "A remarkably useful book for young people of the present day. The pure Gospel is so beautifully brought out, and with such power the errors of Popery."

The book contains female and other Jesuits. "Oh, these Jesuits! There is another of them! That woman has a stealthy step and a velvety hand, but, like a cat's paw, it has sheathed claws." It is impossible not to sympathize with the disappointment which converts brought up in this *pabulum* must feel, when they find all these attractions absent from the Church they have joined.

As an example of Protestant poetry up to date, I will take "*Rhyme and Reason in Romanism*. For the People of England. Including a Suppositional Address by Saint Peter. By an Englishman." (Partridge, 1896.) St. Peter begins:

In uttering to you these grave admonitions,
I will be just and fair in my admissions.

And ends:

I say, farewell, with true commiseration,
And strong desire you all may gain salvation.

His general style is that of the English translation of the *libretto* to *Lohengrin* :

Of heresy and schism ye accuse them,
And with anathemas full fierce abuse them.
But they repel by truth your accusations,
And you, not they, deserve your fulminations.

I will only give one more extract—one which puts Cardinal Vaughan in his true position.

Heed not the glamour of a Cardinal—
Roman ecclesiastic—that is all.
• Our bishops Protestant throughout the land
Above all Papal functionaries stand.
The President o' th' Wesleyan Conference
More honour merits, though of less pretence :
The Chairman of the Congregational Band
Is higher than a Cardinal in this land :
• A Moderator Presbyterian
O'ertops all agents of the Vatican.
That Card'nals are so pampered in high places
Is one of our incongruous disgraces.

This, however, is hardly as crushing as a note which appeared in *The Rock* some years since : “The word ‘Cardinal’ is not recognized at the office of *The Rock*.”

One little story from Mrs. Arbuthnot's *Protestant Girl* for March, 1896, must be my concluding example of Protestant Fiction up to date.

Once upon a time, and that not so very long ago, the story tells us, a Roman Catholic Priest, Father James O'M—— of B——, was on a visit to some other Priests, when a messenger came to the house, and said he was wanted to go at once to visit a parishioner who was very sick indeed. However, these friends had so much to talk about that time went on, but still he had not started to see this poor dying woman, until at last the messenger re-appeared to say that the Priest was now no longer needed, she having passed away without the last Sacrament of the Church—Extreme Unction, the Roman Catholic passport to Heaven, or rather, to Paradise.

Of course this greatly shocked the Priest, but after thinking for a few minutes, he said he would make it all right, and at once writing a few lines on a scrap of paper, screwed it up tightly, and gave it to the man telling him to place it in the mouth of the dead body.

This roused the doctor's curiosity, who got the nurse to take the paper out again and give it to him, and on it, he found the following words :—“Dear Saint Peter, please admit the bearer—*she is a parishioner of mine,*” and the person who relates it said he thinks there was something added about being late, owing to his having company.

JAMES BRITTEN.

*The Arch-Association of Perpetual Adoration
and of Work for Poor Churches.*

ON a mild, hazy afternoon, one January day, during our late spring-like winter, we left the train at Balham, on the Crystal Palace line from Victoria, and with several inquiries as to our way, although the distance is really very little over the usual "five minutes' walk," we reached Nightingale Square, and the end of our pilgrimage. It is a decidedly "new" neighbourhood—houses newly-built, or in every stage of building—unmade roads, and an uncomfortable, unfinished look about the whole. But to the left of us, as we turned down the square, rose a pleasing vision of trees and green fields, and through the soft air came a cheerful sound of birds twittering and singing, reminding us that the country was not far off, and that we were already on the outskirts of Babylon the Great. Immediately before us stood the severe-looking, red-bricked convent we had come to visit—the centre (in England) of a work too little known and appreciated. We passed the entrance lodge, rang a bell at the farther door on the right-hand side, and were at once admitted by a bright-faced Religious, shown into a small parlour, and in a few minutes warmly greeted by the Reverend Mother of this first English house of the Institute of Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and Work for Poor Churches. A most interesting conversation followed, of which it is now our intention to give a sketch.

In the summer of 1841, that is to say, nearly sixty years ago, a party of young girls were gathered round their beloved instructress, to receive from her lips some words of wisdom and guidance, as to their future life in the world. They were pupils of the Sacré-Cœur Convent, Rue de Varennes, Paris, and were on the eve of leaving school. It was Madame d'Avenas, the Mistress-General, who was giving them a parting address, and as she warned them against leading lives of frivolity and worldliness, and of the absolute need of some exterior good work, if

they would keep the lamp of faith burning brightly within their souls, she spoke of so many churches in the country districts, wherein the altars were bare and unornamented, the priest's vestments old and torn, the sanctuary lamp unlighted, and the Lord of all things consigned to the meanest and most unworthy of dwelling-places, too often deserted and unvisited in His Sacrament of Love.

Her burning words fell like "the seed" of the parable upon the "good ground" of one young and generous heart; and although it was not until two years later that they began to bear fruit, let us not forget, as the good work goes on growing into a stately tree, that a daughter of the Sacred Heart first planted the grain of mustard-seed.

It was in 1843, that Mdlle. de Meeûs began her labour of love, in the neighbourhood of her own home in Brussels, at first assisted only by her family and immediate friends; but as time went on, and case after case, each one more urgent and deserving than the last, came under her notice, it became necessary to make some appeal to the charity of others, if the work was to be carried on successfully.

This appeal was made for her very eloquently by Father Boone, of the Society of Jesus, who was preaching a retreat in Brussels, during the Lent of 1846, and was at once generously responded to. It was at this time that the need of associated workers, as well as of funds, began to be felt, and there is no doubt that ideas and plans, similar to those afterwards adopted, began to be formed in the minds of Father Boone and Mdlle. de Meeûs. Nevertheless, the work went on in the same manner, quietly and unobtrusively, for another two years. Early in the year 1848, a devout lady from Paris arrived in Brussels, and soon made the acquaintance of Mdlle. de Meeûs. This was Mdlle. de la Véga, Vicomtesse de Jorbalan, and sister-in-law of the Spanish Minister in Paris, who at once began to speak to the small band of devoted workers, of the Society of Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, lately established in Paris, and for which a Rule had just been drawn up. She suggested that a similar society should be established in Brussels, and that Mdlle. de Meeûs and her companions should be the first associates. Her words came like a revelation to Mdlle. de Meeûs, who hastened with a copy of the Rule to Father Boone, asking for his advice and approval. One of the rules of the Paris Association was to the effect, that the associates should

meet on the second Friday of every month, and after hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion, should make a collection, the proceeds of which were to be used in the purchase of materials for altar-linen, and other necessities of poor churches.

It is needless to say that the good Father looked favourably upon this suggestion, and in a very short time ten devout ladies, chosen from the Children of Mary, whose director he was, associated themselves with Mdlle. de Meeûs, and the work of the Association was commenced, very much in the same form as it now exists. The members met at first in a large room, kindly placed at their disposal by the Sisters of Notre Dame, and the work for poor churches went on busily and uninterruptedly.

In the following October, these first associates made a retreat together, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Jette; it was given by Father Boone, and it was during this retreat that the project finally took shape, the Rule was formally drawn up, and Father Boone undertook the office of director. The Rule, as thus adopted and formulated, afterwards received the approbation of all the Bishops in Belgium in 1851.

Permission had already been given by Cardinal Sterckx, Archbishop of Mechlin, for the associates to assemble in the chapel of the good Sisters of Notre Dame for their monthly Mass and Communion; but in a short time the number of associates had so increased, that the chapel was too small for the accommodation of all, and Mdlle. de Meeûs sought anxiously for a larger and more convenient place of assembly.

At this time, that is to say, in the late autumn of 1848, the Visitation Nuns were in possession of an old and much venerated chapel, called de Salazar, from the name of the Count who had been its original proprietor. This chapel had been erected in expiation of a terrible sacrilege committed against the Blessed Sacrament, by Jews, in the year 1370; it was built on the very site of the old synagogue where the outrage had taken place. The daughters of St. Francis de Sales readily granted permission to the members of the new Association, to hold their monthly meetings in this chapel; and shortly afterwards, at the request of Madame la Baronne d'Hooghvoorst, first President of the Association, they also gave the use of a large room in their adjoining convent, where the work for poor churches could be conveniently carried on. Finally, in 1850, the Visitation Nuns having left their chapel and convent, Madame d'Hooghvoorst

purchased the chapel from them, for the moderate sum of five thousand francs, and it became henceforth the centre of the pious work.

Already the idea of consecrating herself and her work to God in a more special manner, by embracing the religious state, had presented itself to Mdlle. de Meeûs, and she had sought for some Congregation which would entirely correspond to her views, and which would unite the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament with other external works in honour of It; but she had sought in vain. She now consulted Father Boone, and at his request, communicated her ideas on the subject to him, in a letter dated September 13th, 1850. An Institute, such as she had imagined it, is therein described. The fundamental idea of it, and the foundation upon which everything must rest, is to be, she says, an unbounded devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. This is to be sustained and nourished in the members by frequent Communion, by as many hours of meditation and mental prayer, as can be spared from active duties, rather than by a great number of vocal prayers, and by the practice of interior mortification. With regard to exterior mortification, she thinks that great austerities are not the point to be aimed at, but the Religious must faithfully observe the vow of poverty, and be content with the necessities of life. The income or revenues of each Religious to be placed in the hands of the Superior, to supply the needs of all; but the fortune or capital of each one to remain in her own possession and in her own name. The exterior works of charity are to be, visiting the sick poor, to prepare them for receiving the last sacraments, instructing poor children for their First Communion, and establishing the Association of Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, whenever it should be practicable or possible.

Father Boone recognized the hand of God in these timidly-expressed thoughts of his devout penitent, but he hesitated some time before giving a decisive answer; and, venturing to ask for a sign of the Divine will, he replied at last, that if the entire building adjoining the chapel de Salazar should pass into the hands of the new Institute, he would look upon it as a distinct sign of God's blessing on the proposed congregation. Strange to say, a very short time afterwards, the whole of the Hôtel Salazar was actually acquired by the new Institute, in a manner so providential and almost miraculous, that it was

impossible not to regard it as a manifestation of the will of God. It was then that Father Boone, with the permission of his Provincial, applied himself to the task of drawing up the Rule and Constitutions of the new Institute, in accordance with the ideas of Mdlle. de Meeûs; and on the feast of our Lady's Assumption, August 15th, 1853, she, with those of her companions who desired to join her in the religious life, took the vow of consecrating themselves entirely to the Blessed Sacrament, with an additional vow to commence community life as soon as it should be possible. The three actual religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, were taken later. On the 26th of February, 1856, the Rule and Constitutions received the solemn approbation of Cardinal Sterckx, the Archbishop of Mechlin; and on the 5th of July, 1857, the Religious finally took possession of their convent and church, and began their community life, Mdlle. de Meeûs being unanimously elected as their first Superior.

Several years before this the Association, by a decree of the Holy See, was affiliated to the Roman Archconfraternity of Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; the same Indulgences were granted to it; and permission was given to the associates to choose their own hour of adoration at any time during the day or night.

Let us now pass on to consider some of the great and manifold advantages which continue to flow for the whole Church, from this band of devoted religious women, and the fervent lay-associates who share in their prayers and good works. First of all, there is the increased honour and love for the Blessed Sacrament which is thereby produced, not only amongst those immediately connected with the work, but in the case of numbers of poor and ignorant persons, to whom the free gift of vestments and all that is needed for the altars of their churches, has come as a marvellous revelation. Frequently the neglected, unadorned sanctuary was but a type of the coldness of heart and the neglected duties of the congregation. The generous presents from unknown friends have evoked astonishment and then reflection. To whom, and for whose sake were these gifts made? Ah! not to us, unworthy, and not for our sakes, but for the sake of Him who was in the midst of us and we knew Him not. Shall we not begin to love Him more?

Innumerable are the letters which have been received from

poor priests of parishes where faith and love had been at their lowest ebb, testifying to the new life stirred up by the gifts of the Association. One of them writes: "How glad I am to be able to tell you that your present has contributed, in a most marvellous way, to reanimate the faith and zeal of my poor parishioners. Yes, indeed you have attained the true object of your Association, which is the glory of God, and the love and worship of our Lord Jesus Christ, in His Sacramental Presence. I have already established the Hour of Adoration on the first Sunday of every month, and nearly every one in the parish assists at it."

Another priest writes: "I assure you, madame, that the fruit of your charity has been to awaken in us all, pastor as well as people, a renewed zeal for the house of God. There is infinitely more recollection and devotion in our churches. Your work is as fruitful in good as a mission or a retreat, and there is no doubt that God will pour His choicest blessings upon the pious hands which serve Him so generously."

One more cry of gratitude from those too numerous to be quoted here. "Thank you a thousand and a thousand times. Jesus Himself will pay our debts to you."

The second great work undertaken, very soon after its foundation, by the new Institute, as an act of direct homage to the Blessed Sacrament, is the establishment of classes for teaching the Catechism to poor children and young people. In accordance with a rule laid down by their Constitutions, the Religious now consecrate themselves by vow to this work; and there is a touching analogy between this and their other main object, as they thus at once prepare and adorn the altars where our Lord abides, and the hearts in which He loves to dwell. From its cradle in the chapel de Salazar, this good work has now spread throughout Belgium, as well as in other countries; and in Brussels alone, there are more than a hundred and fifty ladies, most of them lay-associates of the Institute, who devote themselves to it.

The third great work which is due to the Association, is the establishment of free libraries for lending good books, in rural districts. This was begun in 1861, and is a work which is constantly making fresh developments, the Association collecting books, or funds to procure them, and sending them to rural parishes. We have only to realize the incalculable harm done by the circulation of cheap bad books, to acknow-

ledge the benefit of a charity which places a *good* book, free of charge, in the hands of the poor and ignorant.

Lastly, but certainly not least on the list of advantages, is the occupation provided by this work in behalf of poor churches, for ladies living in the world, who, not being obliged to labour with their hands, or as a matter of fact, *obliged* to occupation of any kind, are so apt to drift into the frivolity and worldliness of an aimless life. Becoming associates of this Archconfraternity of the Perpetual Adoration, their lives are no longer without an object; their daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament takes a new significance, and fervent prayers and acts of love are turned into good honest work from willing hands, for the altars of their Lord, and the vestments of His priests. In London, there are many ladies of high rank and unassuming piety, in whose houses this work is carried on, the associates meeting once or twice a week, and often undertaking a great part of the labour at their own homes. We may here mention that the work is always cut out and prepared for making up, by the Religious of the convent which is the "centre" for the Association in that country.

There are at present ten convents of the new Institute: the mother-house at Brussels; one at Rome, founded in 1878, and now the "centre" for the whole Arch-Association; the Novitiate at Watermaal, in Belgium; one at Ghent; one at Liège; one at Antwerp; one at Rotterdam; one at Munich; one at Palermo; and finally the convent which we are now visiting, originally founded at Manchester in 1880, and transferred from thence to Nightingale Square, Balham, London, S.W., in 1886. Let all who feel interested and drawn towards this good work, follow our example and make a pilgrimage to Balham.

The nuns do not wear a distinctly religious dress; a plain black gown, and black crape cap fastened under the chin, simply show that they have laid aside the vanities of the world. In England at present, they are too few in number to undertake the work of Perpetual Adoration; but there is Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during some part of each day, and during the whole of one day, each month, when all lay-associates are invited and welcomed. The nuns are not cloistered, but do not leave their convent except on errands of mercy.

Many more interesting details might be given, but there is no more space for them in a short article.

Our visit was drawing to a close, and Reverend Mother kindly asked us if we would not like to go into the chapel before leaving, explaining to us that at present the chapel is only a room, but that the nuns hope before long, if the necessary funds can be obtained, to build a larger and more fitting dwelling-place for their Lord. We knelt down in the quiet little sanctuary. No sound broke the perfect stillness, save the music of thrushes and blackbirds calling to each other from the trees—*Jam hiems transiit*—and the voice of a robin singing his little heart away outside the window. The lamp before the Tabernacle burnt dimly, and the Presence of the Lord of all made Itself felt in that place of peace. *Here* was the reason for all we had been hearing and seeing—the devoted lives, the renunciation of earthly ties, the ceaseless labour, the “death in life” of a true religious vocation, and the generous self-denial and disinterested labour of so many others not called to give up all. It is no new thing, this sacrifice of the best we have, for One who gave His all to win us. When Magdalen broke the alabaster box of “ointment of spikenard, very precious,” and poured it on His Head, as He sat at meat with His friends, on the eve of His dolorous Passion—just as, once before, in the early days of her loving penitence, she had washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair—He did not rebuke her, but accepted the gift, and said to those who murmured, “She hath done what she could.” The priceless ointment was not too priceless for Him, who was going forth to death and victory; and through all the ages of faith, it has ever been the impulse of love to give its very best to the Beloved. As He accepted the Magdalen’s offer, so will He accept ours, for He is “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

Unveiled to Mary’s raptured gaze,
Before those dark and dreadful days,
Thy pale, worn Face, set Passion-ways;
Upon Thy royal and gentle Head,
Her precious balm devoutly shed—
Type of a love which is not dead,—
O King most dear,
Unseen, yet *here*,
To us, as near.

E. F. G.

The Dove in History, Symbolism, and Romance.

MANY years ago, when mediæval lore held a much lower position in the public thought than it now does, two young men of antiquarian tastes, who have since those remote days developed into well-known archæologists, proposed to compile a work which should contain everything of a legendary nature which they could gather concerning the animal creation. Of course these young enthusiasts did not realize what a vast undertaking they were projecting. The *Acta Sanctorum* would dwindle into insignificance in the presence of such a collection.

It does not seem likely that so vast a work will ever be produced, interesting as it would be as a book of reference. Human life and human energy are both limited, whereas the myth-making faculty exists in every stage of human culture, from the most barbarous to the most refined. We do not propose to ourselves to go on any such venturesome quest, but on the present occasion only to put down a few stray notes regarding the dove.

The dove, from the earliest times of which we know anything, has held a large place in the human imagination. It was surmised by our predecessors that the reason why it so often appeared in legendary lore was because the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, descended upon our Blessed Lord at His Baptism. This is no doubt the reason why it so often occurs in sacred art, but the dove, long ere the Incarnation, had been an object of reverence. It was regarded as a symbolic creature, and a whole world of poetry had invested it with a halo of sanctity. The Old Testament Scriptures make many references to the dove. The dove which Noe sent from the ark is familiar to every one, and in the Psalms, the Canticles, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Hosea, it is referred to, sometimes as an emblem of purity, at others as a symbol of timidity.

Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, in his work on *Zoological Mythology*, has collected much about the dove. We need not say that we dissent from many of his inferences. Great part of his work relates to the dream-world of the Indian and classical mythologies. Yet no one desirous of writing exhaustively on this subject could do so efficiently without reproducing much that he has collected. Unlike the dove as we find it in the Hebrew Scriptures, these heathen doves were very often creatures far from lovely. They fled, we are told, from the unhappy, a trait by no means attractive. Sometimes there are things noble told of them which leads one to think that along with much that was evil, in this as in so many other cases some remains of patriarchal tradition may have lingered. We are told of heroes and heroines being transformed into doves, and that doves sometimes loved each other so fondly that they would sacrifice their lives for each other. Semiramis, who whether a creation of the myth-making faculty, or a real person the events of whose life have been distorted beyond recognition, seems to have been regarded as the type of feminine strength. She was fabled in the end to have become a dove.

Though the dove was often mixed up in the popular mythologies with rites that were essentially evil, it was at times a symbol of innocence and holy love. Miss Agnes M. Clerke, in her excellent paper on "Homeric Zoology," points out that "the dove was marked out as a death-bird by our earliest Aryan ancestors."¹ When this idea became a part of the consciousness of our race we can never know, but it has remained in full force to the present day. The Yorkshire peasant still thinks he knows that if a pigeon flies in at an open window, a death in the house must soon inevitably follow; and we know of a case, account for it how you will, of a flock of pigeons, the property of a Lincolnshire Squire, which had previously been half wild, becoming suddenly tame, a few days before their owner's death.

Among the Greeks doves seem to have been credited with a sort of prophetic faculty, for we are told that they kept laurel twigs in their nests for the sake of warding off evil.² Christians, it would appear, have always regarded the dove as a symbol of purity. It has no gall, so the legends say, because it burst it in flying from the ark.

¹ *Studies in Homer*, p. 131.

² Boetticher, *Der Baumkultus der Hellenen*, p. 361.

I thought you gentle as the gall-less dove,

Dryden says in the *Indian Queen*, and the same idea occurs in one of Ford's dramas, and in several of the Border ballads.

By a beautiful symbolism the vessel in which the Blessed Eucharist was reserved in many of the French churches was formed in the shape of a dove. It was suspended by chains high over the altar. In this country a globular vessel was usually employed for the same purpose, but very occasionally the dove form was used here. An instance is mentioned in a Salisbury Inventory of 1222: "Item corona una argentea cum cathenis iii argent. cum columba argent. ad Eucharistiam."¹

Doves are connected with the lives of many of the saints. So many examples occur of doves having been seen at the deaths of the blessed, or hovering over them in life, that even a condensed account of all the instances recorded would fill a large volume; St. Eulalia, St. Dunstan, St. Ivo, St. Gregory VII., and St. Teresa are among the number. We cull one example from the late Miss Drane's beautiful *Life of St. Catherine of Siena*. The authoress is telling of St. Catherine and the Blessed Mary Mancini. "A strict friendship sprang up between them, and we are told that on Easter Day, the two being together in prayer in the chapel of the Annunziata, attached to the Dominican Church of Santa Caterina, they were, in the sight of all the people, covered by a beautiful and brilliant cloud, out of which there flew a white dove." Jeanne d'Arc is not a canonized saint of the Church, but it may be well to remark that at the time of what we may venture to call her martyrdom, a dove was seen to hover over her. A similar occurrence is alleged to have happened when the Blessed Father Forrest was burned in Smithfield for denying the royal supremacy.² We meet with miraculous doves in romance as well as in the lives of saints. In the poem of *Sir Otuel*, it is related that when the paynim champion consented to embrace the Catholic faith, a white dove descended and perched upon the crest of his helmet.³

Doves were sometimes made to minister to the corrupting self-indulgences of Oriental tyrants. Athenæus, quoting a lost comedy of Antiphanes, tells us that a King of Neo-Paphos, in Cyprus, was during dinner kept cool, by doves being induced to hover

¹ Rock, *Church of our Fathers*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 101, second pagination.

² Stone, *Faithful unto Death*, p. 70.

³ Ellis, *Metrical Romances*, Edit. 1848, p. 364.

around him. To cause the birds to do this, His Majesty was anointed with a kind of Tyrian oil which was made from some sort of fruit in which the doves delighted, and of which they of course recognized the scent. As they approached to settle on the royal head, attendants drove them away, and the constant flutter of their wings caused refreshing currents of air.¹ We are not sure as to whether this is a true story or a mere fable. Whichever it be, it is true in its spirit, showing as it does the senseless luxury in which Oriental despots indulged, which was so offensive to the more refined tastes, and as we fain would hope, the higher moral sense of the Greek peoples.

In the old Scottish dialect, *Dow* or *Turtle-dow* was used as a term of affection and endearment, for a young girl. We will conclude these fragmentary and disjointed gleanings by an illustrative quotation from the fine old ballad entitled *Fause Foodrage*, which was discovered by Sir Walter Scott in his early days during his ballad-hunting adventures. Two mothers had, for very good reasons, exchanged their infants. The mother of the boy—she was of course a queen—addresses the mother of the girl in the following powerful lines. In the poetic language of the time when the ballad was composed the Queen calls her baby son “my gay goss-hawk,” and the daughter of her friend and fellow-conspirator “your turtle-dow.” The accomplishments of the two sexes are picturesquely rendered :

And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to back a steed ;
And I shall learn your turtle-dow
As weel to write and read.

And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith bow and brand ;
And I shall learn your turtle-dow
To lay gowd wi’ her hand.

At kirk and market when we meet,
We’ll dare make nae avow,
But——“ Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk ? ”
“ Madame, how does my dow ? ”

It is strangely contrary to modern notions to find a Queen and her friend, evidently a person of high estate, spoken of as meeting at market as well as at the Kirk.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

¹ General di Cesnola, *Cyprus*, p. 8.

May Things found be kept?

HAVING in former papers¹ considered some of the objects and subjects of ownership, our next concern must be with some of the means by which property may be acquired.

In the present pages we shall inquire how far finding may give a title to property. And at the outset we must distinguish between the abandonment of a thing and its loss. If a thing has been abandoned by its true owner, it may clearly be appropriated by the first person who finds it. If, however, it has not been abandoned, but merely lost, the case is different, and is affected by the law, both from the civil and the criminal point of view.

I.

The civil aspect of the matter regards the respective rights of the owner and the finder of lost property; and the law is that when goods are lost the property still remains in the owner, and he has a right to possession against the whole world. But until he recovers the goods, the possession will be first in the finder, and then in any person to whom he may transfer them, or who may acquire them on a second finding. And every one who may come into possession of the goods will have the right to them against all except those who have a better title by virtue of ownership or prior possession.² In the leading case of *Armory v. Delamirie*,³ decided in 1722, a chimney-sweeper's boy found a jewel, and took it to a shop to inquire its value. The apprentice who was in the shop at the time, under pretence of weighing the stone, took it out of the socket, and called out to his master, who was at the back, that the value was three half-pence. The master offered the boy the money, but he refused to take it, and demanded the jewel back; the apprentice,

¹ See THE MONTH for August, September, and November, 1894, July, 1895, and January, 1896.

² Williams, *On Personal Property*, p. 52.

³ Smith's L. C. vol. i. p. 385.

however, only returned him the socket without the stone. An action of trover was therefore brought by the sweeper's boy against the shop-keeper, to recover the value of the jewel, and it was held that the finder of a jewel, though he does not acquire an absolute property or ownership, yet has such a property as will enable him to keep it against all but the rightful owner. And further that, as the defendant did not produce the jewel that the value might be ascertained, the maxim *omnia presumuntur contra spoliatores* was applicable, and the jury were directed that the measure of damages must be the value of the very best stone which would fit the socket.

But the finder has, of course, no right as against the true owner. Some years ago a Lincolnshire landowner gave a lease of a piece of land to a gas company. The lessees set to work to erect a gas-holder, and in the course of making the necessary excavations, came across a prehistoric boat, hollowed out of a large oak-tree; it was embedded in the clay some feet below the surface. The landowner immediately claimed the boat, but the company asserted it was theirs, and refused to give it up.

Mr. Justice Chitty, in giving judgment, declined to decide whether the boat was to be treated (1) as a mineral, (2) as part of the soil, or (3) as a chattel. If it was to be treated as a mineral, the lease expressly reserved it to the landlord. If it were part of the soil, the lessee's licence to remove and dispose of soil and clay for the purpose of erecting their works, would not extend beyond such clay and soil as would be likely to be found in pursuing the licence to excavate, and would not include what was unknown and un contemplated. If the boat were a chattel, then the learned Judge held that the lessees could not acquire any property in it as against their landlord, who, being owner of the surface of the ground, was owner also of all above and all below.¹

It must not, however, be concluded from this case that things found on a man's land, or in his house, are always his property. Thus in *Bridges v. Hawkesworth*,² the plaintiff was a traveller for a large firm with which the defendant, who was a shop-keeper, had dealings. Once, when visiting the shop, he picked up a small parcel which was lying on the floor. He showed it to the shopman, and on opening it, found it contained £55. The plaintiff told the defendant, when he came in, that

¹ *Elwes v. Brigg Gas Company*, L. R. 33 Ch. D. 562.

² 21 L. J. Q. B. 75.

he had found a parcel of bank-notes, and requested him to return them to the true owner, if he could find him. The defendant put an advertisement in the newspaper, stating that the notes would be returned to the owner on his giving a proper description of them, and paying the expenses. As three years elapsed and no claimant was forthcoming, the plaintiff applied to the defendant for the notes, and offered to refund to him the expenses of advertisements, and to indemnify him against any claim which might in the future be made in respect of them.

As the defendant refused to hand them over, the plaintiff took proceedings in the county court to recover them; and, although it was found that the plaintiff in handing over the notes to the defendant for the benefit of the true owner, did not intend to give up any title he himself might have, yet the county court judge gave judgment for the defendant, the shop-keeper. This decision was, however, reversed, and it was held that, as against the defendant, the plaintiff was entitled to judgment with costs. Mr. Justice Patteson said that the decision in *Armory v. Delamirie* would certainly have settled the case if the notes had been picked up outside the shop. Did the fact that they were found inside make any difference? If the place had been an inn, there would have been no question as to the right of the defendant, as an innkeeper has a special property in the goods of his guest. But in the case under consideration the notes were dropped by accident, and were not in any way deposited with the defendant, or within the protection of his house. The court found no circumstances to take the case out of the general rule of law, that the finder of a lost article is entitled to it as against all except the real owner.¹

In the case of *Tisdall v. Daly*, before Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury last month,² the fireman at Daly's Theatre claimed from the proprietor of the theatre a diamond bracelet worth £40, which he found in the theatre on the 2nd October, 1894. He had handed it over to the manager to keep safely for the true owner if she applied for it. The jury came to the conclusion that he had handed it over as a servant to his master, and judgment was given for the defendant, the proprietor of the theatre.

It will be seen that this case differs from *Bridges v.*

¹ An interesting discussion on this and similar cases in England and America will be found in Mr. Justice Holmes's book on the Common Law, Lecture VI. On Possession.

² See the *Times* for 21st March, 1896.

Hawkesworth,¹ as the fireman, in searching the theatre after the performance, was really acting on behalf of his master, and not on his own account.

2.

Passing to the criminal view of the matter, the question will be, "When does the appropriation of a thing found amount to larceny?"

Now the definition of larceny derived from the old books is, "the wrongful taking or carrying away by any person of the goods of another from any place, with felonious intent to convert them to his own use and make them his property, without the consent of the owner." A wrongful taking of the goods from the possession of the owner against his will, was the very gist of the offence, and that the prisoner found the goods would have been a good defence, and, if believed by the jury, would have saved him from a felon's death. Accordingly we find that the old rule was that "if one lose his goods and another find them, though he convert them to his own use *animo furandi*, it is no larceny."²

To most people nevertheless it will appear that a man who finds a thing knowing, or having the means of ascertaining, whose it is, and yet converts it to his own use, is quite as much to blame as one who takes it out of the possession of the owner. And this is now, to some extent, the view taken by the modern criminal law, but with two limitations which still prevent its harmony with current morality.

Two ingredients are necessary to constitute legal larceny of a lost article.³

1. That *at the time of the finding* the prisoner had the felonious intention of appropriating the thing: and,

2. That *at the time of finding* he had reasonable ground for believing that the owner might be discovered.

If either of these states of mind came upon the prisoner afterwards, then there is no larceny.

A few examples will make this clear.

1. In Preston's case⁴ the prosecutor had dropped some bank-notes in one of the streets of Birmingham, and immediately informed the police. Two days afterwards the prisoner

¹ East, P. C. ch. xvi. sec. 1.

² 3 Inst. 108; and see Hawkins, P. C. 142.

³ Reg. v. Christopher, Bell, C. C. 27.

⁴ 2 Den. C. C. 353.

went to one of the police-stations, and inquired if there was not a reward offered for the notes, and if the numbers were known. Later in the day, the prisoner changed a £50 note, and in the evening was taken into custody. He was convicted, but the Recorder requested the opinion of the Judges as to the validity of the conviction. The case was argued before four Judges, who were of opinion that the conviction could not be supported. Baron Alderson said that there must be both a taking and the *animus furandi*, and that it was difficult to see how a subsequent change of mind could turn an honest taking into larceny, and continued, "according to the summing-up of the Recorder, if a man gets a note honestly, keeps it for a week, with an intention of restoring it to the owner, and then changes his mind, and resolves to appropriate it to his own use, . . . that converts a lawful taking into a dishonest one. To uphold such a doctrine would be to refine in such a way as to destroy the simplicity of the criminal law." And Baron Martin said: "It is of great importance that the rules of the criminal law should be plain and intelligible; and considering that the prisoner may originally have become innocently possessed of the note, I do not think that this can be held to be a case of larceny."

One misty dark morning, A., who had a flock of lambs in a field, in driving them out, accidentally drove out also with them one lamb of another flock belonging to B. Immediately he discovered his mistake, he sold B.'s lamb together with his own, and kept the money. Here, although the original taking was by accident, yet it was technically a trespass, and the possession being thus wrongful, A. was convicted of larceny, and it was laid down that "if the original possession be rightful, subsequent misappropriation does not make it a felony; but if the original possession be wrongful though not felonious, and then a man disposes of the chattel *animo furandi*, it is larceny."¹

2. *Thurborn's case* is an illustration of the second ingredient. It was decided in 1849, and although the decision and the reasons given for it have been the subject of much comment, it still remains good law and a leading authority. The facts were as follows. The prisoner found a bank-note which had been accidentally dropped on the high-road. It bore no name or mark indicating the ownership, nor were there any circumstances attending the finding which would enable the finder to discover to whom the note belonged, nor had the prisoner reason to

¹ *Riley's case*, *Dearsley's C. C.* 149.

believe that the owner knew where to find it again. But from the moment the prisoner found it, he intended to appropriate it to his own use. The following day he was informed that the prosecutor was the owner, and had dropped the note accidentally. He then changed it, and applied the money to his own use. Baron Parke directed a verdict of guilty, but felt so much doubt on the matter, that he reserved the point of law for the consideration of the Judges. Some months afterwards the judgment of seven Judges was read by the learned Baron,¹ in the course of which the rule of law was enunciated, that if a man find goods which have actually been lost, or are reasonably supposed to have been lost, and appropriate them with the intent to take the entire dominion over them, whether the act amounts to larceny or not depends upon whether or not he reasonably believes at the time that the owner can be found. In the case in question, although the taking was not quite innocent, being accompanied by a dishonest intent, yet ignorance of the true ownership prevented its being felonious. It was therefore a lawful taking, and could not be turned into an unlawful one by any subsequent event, not even by a conversion of the note after knowledge of its ownership had come to the prisoner. The Judges were therefore of opinion that the conviction was wrong.

When it is clear that the prisoner must have known to whom the article belonged, he will be convicted. This has been done where notes found had a name on them ; where the finder was a cabman who appropriated the contents of a parcel left in the cab ; and where a tailor abstracted a pocket-book from a coat sent to him for repair. But there must be reasonable ground for believing that the owner might easily be discovered, and it is not sufficient that the finder thinks that by taking pains he may find the owner ; there must be immediate means of finding him.² Thus, in Dixon's case,³ Chief Justice Jervis said : " The finding of the jury is that the notes were lost, that the prisoner did not know the owner, but that it was possible that he could have traced him. He was not bound to do that."

It will be seen then that the criminal law on this subject is behind the current morality of the day. The reasons for this must be sought in the history of the law, and when it is considered that by the common law larceny to the value of above

¹ 1 Den. C. C. R. 387.

² Reg. v. Christopher, Bell, C. C. p. 34. ³ Dearsley, C. C. 580.

12d. was punishable by death, and that the act of taking goods quasi derelict would be much less injurious to the interests of society, and of less frequent occurrence, than that of taking them out of the possession of the owner, it is not surprising to find that the criminal law in such cases was less drastic, and that the civil remedy was deemed amply sufficient for the protection of society.

TREASURE TROVE.

Treasure trove is where any gold, silver, coin or bullion, is found concealed in any house, or in the earth, or other private place, the owner whereof being unknown, in which case the treasure belongs *prima facie* to the Crown; in many instances, however, the right has become vested in a subject either by grant from the Crown or by prescription. But if the person who laid down the treasure be known, or be afterwards discovered, the owner, and not the Crown or its grantee, is entitled to it; for the prerogative right of the Queen applies only in the absence of an owner to claim the property. If the owner, instead of hiding the treasure, has either lost, or abandoned it, the royal prerogative does not obtain. So that it is the hiding, and not abandonment, which gives the right to the Crown.

It is the duty of every person who knows that any treasure has been found to inform the coroner of the district, and any one who conceals it may be punished by fine and imprisonment.

An instance of treasure trove occurred in 1891, when a farmer's son in Herefordshire, while ferreting for rabbits, found some silver cups, a chalice, two pyxes, and a paten, which were buried in the earth. The coroner held an inquest, and the lord of the manor claimed the articles by virtue of an ancient deed executed by James I. in favour of one of the former owners of the manor. The jury were unanimous as to the things being treasure trove, but could not agree on the question of title.

Subsequently the Crown commenced an action for delivery up of the treasure, and Mr. Justice Stirling laid down that the jurisdiction of the coroner, defined by 4 Edward I. s. 2, and preserved by the 36th section of the Coroner's Act, 1887, was limited to inquiring "of treasure that is found, who were the finders, and who is suspected thereof," and that he had no power to entertain questions of title involving the interpretation of documents, and that these must be determined by the High Court.

In the end the lord of the manor withdrew his claim, and an order was made that the articles should be delivered up to the Lords of the Treasury.¹

WRECK.

The regulations regarding wreckage found on the sea-shore are now contained in the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894. From the 518th section of this statute it will be seen that the finder has no right to keep it unless he is the owner, and even then he is obliged to give notice to the receiver of wreck of the district, stating that he has found, or taken possession of it, and describing the marks by which it may be recognized. If he is not the owner, he must deliver it up, as soon as possible, to the receiver.

Failure to comply with these rules renders the offenders liable to a maximum penalty of £100, and, in the case of his not being the owner, to the forfeiture of all salvage claims, and to the payment of double the value of the wreck to the person entitled.

The owner has a year in which to establish his claim to the satisfaction of the receiver, and must pay all salvage, fees, and expenses, before he can have the wreck, or the proceeds of sale, delivered to him.

The Crown is entitled to unclaimed wreck, unless the right thereto has been granted to a subject.

Two other classes of things found may also be mentioned, namely, waifs, which are stolen goods thrown away by the thief in his flight, and which go to the Crown unless the owner retake them, or prosecute the thief to conviction; and estrays, or wandering animals whose owner is unknown, and these also pass to the Crown unless the right to them has been vested in the lord of the manor.

WILLIAM C. MAUDE.

¹ Attorney-General v. Moore (1893), 1 Ch. 676.

Modern Black-and-White Art in England.

To the many improvements in the reproduction of drawings by the various forms of photo-mechanical engraving comprised under the term *process*—a more specific consideration of which would be tedious to the average layman—we may of course ascribe the development and wide diffusion of modern illustration. Besides the commercial advantages of speed and economy, it offers many that are artistic, chief among them being a greater liberty to the artist in the manner of treatment, and the preservation of his individualities of technique, which constitute not a little of the charm of an able drawing; process effectively managed resulting in *fac-simile* reproduction, not translation, in consequence of which many competent artists, attracted by the perfection of the new methods, have devoted their talents exclusively to black-and-white. The fact, too, that, the proportion of patrons considered, the painter's profession is the more crowded, though in this connection such a consideration appears sordid, will no doubt have its influence. But these methods, effective as they are, yet leave much to be desired, especially the familiar half-tone process; while the course of their progression in the past may allow us to presume that the limit of efficiency has not yet been reached. The new year, indeed, has brought us in Professor Herkomer's *New Black-and-White Art* a method which, if we may credit the inventor, or the opinion of his critics on such work as the artist has exhibited, has a future before it—it would be premature to announce anything more definite. What is of still more importance is that, from the signs of promise in the younger illustrators, we may judge the art not yet to have attained its zenith.

And all this is in no sense to deny the capabilities of the older craft, or the province and legitimacy of interpretation; or even to hazard the assertion that there is in the work of to-day anything to surpass that of the time the critics please to

term the golden age of English illustration, when of artists now dead, such men as Rossetti, Boyd Houghton, Charles Keene, the late Lord Leighton, and of those still with us, Sir John Gilbert, Messrs. Birket Foster, Holman Hunt, William Small, du Maurier, Sir John Tenniel, Mr. Ruskin, Sir John Millais, and Mr. Walter Crane, were doing such sterling work. But it will be generally allowed that, if there has been better, there never has been a greater output of genuinely brilliant work in this direction.

And while acknowledging the facilities afforded by process, it is impossible not to recognize the fact that, indirectly, it is responsible for the quantity of indifferent and even execrable work which each passing week produces; much that would not have been worth the labour and expense of cutting is now "produced," and, what is more astonishing, bought and presumably appreciated by a portion of the public which, in matters artistic, is nothing if not sublimely impartial. It is surprising to find, even in the leading illustrated journals, such work in the company of much that is incomparably superior, or even supplanting it.

The wide scope of the subject, making anything like a comprehensive view difficult, must excuse a treatment which will appear, at best, to be somewhat discursive—with this of method, however, that the work of the artists discussed may be considered fairly representative of different branches of the art. In a matter so hard of classification, it is not unlikely that even on such a point opinions will widely differ, a fact which possibly demands the less apology for our own. And, at once to narrow our view, we purpose, of the two main divisions of black-and-white illustration—line drawing and wash, to consider only the former, possibly the least popular, in our opinion the most genuinely good. As to wash, it has probably to answer for a majority of the bad drawings that are produced. Perhaps a reason for this may be that it affords a more easy medium for the unskilful; what a critic has ruthlessly termed "fireworks," the wild and meaningless backgrounds which have nowadays such vogue in line drawing, though they afford a certain concealment to the crudities of a badly-executed piece of work, are not half so effectual as the vagueness and mist which characterizes much indifferent brushwork. Much is positively laughable—or irritating, and among the more able men it is difficult to appreciate the popularity of Mr. Dudley

Hardy and "Rab"—from the artistic standpoint, that is—though, to be just, the former does sometimes condescend to express himself rationally. Even Mr. Brangwyn, a rising painter and probable Associate, the vigour of whose drawings in this medium it is impossible to deny, brings to a lighted interior the same mist and obscurity which in his seascapes shows to such advantage, a fact which almost authorizes us to doubt the legitimacy of his methods. And some of his work—specifically, certain drawings in the *Idler*—appears to us simply outrageous.

Of course, all artistic media are conventional to a greater or less degree, none more so than drawing in line; indeed it is difficult to understand, except by supposing, as we must, a subtle process of eye-education, how even the simplest line drawings so well interpret the form, distance, contrasts of light and shade, and even the sense of colour; and of all forms of art, there is perhaps none in which the province of suggestion—we speak of suggestion in the less spiritual sense—is more important.

With such veteran illustrators as the *Punch* artists, Sir John Tenniel, Mr. George du Maurier, and Mr. Linley Sambourne, we may aptly open our slight review of a few typical line-artists of to-day.

Sir John Tenniel's name is practically identified with the cartoons in *Punch* in the mind of a public, which has either never known or forgotten his earlier work in the matter of book illustration—excepting, perhaps, *Alice in Wonderland*. These, artistically considered, are not his best work. In the province of political satire he is indeed unrivalled, and he has done much to keep that particular party weapon from being soiled in England, as it is in France. His methods, if we except the Papal Aggression and United Italy cartoons—and exceptions in this and kindred cases have not seldom to be made—never descend to the level of unworthy personal caricature, the basis of so much mirth and anger-moving illustrated political journalism across the Channel; he can hardly be called a caricaturist at all, if the term implies artistic reproach. In design and composition these drawings are always effective, devoid of mannerism, and careful; and to say that their charm ended here would perhaps be hardly just; but they are decidedly lacking in grace, rugged and stiff, suggestive of buckram drapery and very angular human beings.

In his illustrations to those in every way admirable books, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, these faults are entirely absent; delicately drawn, of happy fancy and design, and, besides, excellent as illustration, if he had done nothing else—he has, perhaps, done nothing better—these secure his reputation.

We must confess to a general preference for the work of Mr. Linley Sambourne, at least that of his later simple line period. As a cartoonist he is of a different cast to Tenniel; his range is wider, and his expression allegorical in a more marked manner. He is particularly happy in the graceful treatment of the human figure, the female especially, and of drapery, while he has the essentially distinctive gift of design. He evidently gives much thought to the decorative effect of his works, and if he has a decided mannerism, the evolution of which it is interesting to note in the pages of *Punch*, it is the reverse of unpleasing. In his best manner, and undoubtedly his best work, are the fanciful illustrations to Kingsley's *Water Babies*, a book which is not as widely known as from every point of view it deserves to be. We could wish, however, he had never published some of the extravagantly mannered and almost childish drawings he has sometimes produced.

Mr. du Maurier has been written down a sayer of good things, with the added accomplishment of being able to append to them a drawing more or less appropriate, rather than an artist. The criticism has evident reference to his *Punch* work, and is only to this extent true, that there are perhaps not a few drawings which might be interchanged without appreciable harm to their connection. But this might as well be the case in the speeches of every-day intercourse, where the most elaborate expression of face or gesture is, without words, sufficient to suggest no more than the nature of the conversation, more or less determinately; and it would be just as legitimate a conclusion from such a seeming want of connection, that the artist cared everything for his drawing, little for the legend which, to meet the requirements of the public taste, is subscribed. Mr. du Maurier's studies of the type he has chosen to depict are excellent, and, as studies, might reasonably be accepted with the appreciation they deserve; as a fact, they are as well most often admirable illustrations of his text.

Mr. Bernard Partridge is one of the first of what we may conveniently, if somewhat vaguely, term the new school of

illustrators. He is of all the black-and-white artists of to-day perhaps the most free from conventional or irritating mannerism. His illustrations to Jerome's *Stageland*, and Anstey's *Voces Populi*, his work in the *Lady's Pictorial*, and in *Punch*, since 1891, when he filled the vacancy left by the death of Charles Keene, have solidly established his reputation. Able to produce very good work in wash, in no sense belonging to the "misty" school, his best is undoubtedly in line; his portraits are very true, his humour genuine, and he has a gift of rendering facial expression which makes him an almost ideal illustrator.

Mr. Harry Furniss, who has been working for some time, and whose present simple style is the issue of a gradual evolution, is a capable draughtsman and so clever a caricaturist, that he can scarcely be termed an artist. The extravagance even of his more serious types is certainly wearying; we have never seen in real life Mr. Furniss's typical lady—nor hope to do so; while his allegorical female figures seem to have drawn their inspiration from no higher source than the music-hall stage. As a caricaturist he is inimitable, but there is perhaps too little restraint in the choice and handling of his subject, his satire and the manner of it, to be above reproach. His humour is genuine and exuberant; his drawings most often artistically trivial. His best work is perhaps in *Sylvie and Bruno*, but even here there is something displeasing, with a touch of the pantomime about the hero and heroine.

In Mr. Hugh Thomson we have an artist of delicate line, who never employs the strong contrasts of light and shade so much in vogue in the more modern work. A careful student of the men and manners of an elder day, he has made them live again to us in many dainty volumes by authors living and dead, which borrow additional charm from his illustrations; added to the mass of journalistic work he has produced, they are witness to his wonderful facility. His drawings, much in the manner of Randolph Caldecott, are concerned with all manner of phases of character, especially humour, delicate and broad, which he can represent without descending to caricature.

Another popular illustrator is Mr. Herbert Railton, and in a limited sense of the word "artistic," his work is undoubtedly such; but there is reason to suspect the genuineness of a technique which can raise the veriest brick wall or untidy shanty to the level of picturesqueness of a ruined abbey or panelled chamber. His drawings are decorative and daintily executed, hence they

must be to a certain extent pleasing ; but they are always, and in no good sense, idealized, and conventional to a degree, and as such must always be disappointing. It is, then, the more pity to find Mr. Holland Tringham, a capable draughtsman enough, taking to himself so literally as he does the manner of the older artist, which in an imitator's hands becomes doubly artificial. It is true that to a certain, though a much less extent, this criticism might apply to the work of Rico and his disciple, Mr. Pennell, and in some degree to that of Daniel Vierge, that most charming of illustrators, and therefore it is somewhat bold to advance it.

The drawings of Mr. Phil May and Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, two of the most brilliant of the younger illustrators, are types of the most up-to-date development of the art. Of these, Mr. May is the more able as well as the more popular, though perhaps his example is leading more men into the ways of imitation than any other artist of eccentric technique ; and such eminently is his. That the almost extravagant simplicity which characterizes his work, is the result of much careful thought and execution, not of hurry and carelessness, we have been often told, and if there were no evidence of this in the drawings themselves, one has only to look in the direction of those who have the simplicity without the talent, to be convinced of it : which notwithstanding, he has produced not a little in which careless work—for it cannot be want of ability—is manifest. But to take him at his best, and well produced, the masterly simplicity of his drawings, where there is not a meaningless stroke of the pen ; the suggestion of form which only a consummate master of line could depict so faithfully without the aid of the contrasts of shade, an aid with which he almost constantly dispenses ; the happy humour, and its happier expression, are too evident to invite discussion. The studies of coster manners and customs and the lower paths of life generally, a subject he has made particularly his own, show a careful observation and a wilful optimism which is decidedly refreshing. Mr. Greiffenhagen, too, is an artist of distinct individuality of technique, which so far as we know is quite his own. His drawings have a pleasing breadth of treatment, and he is more concerned with problems of light and shade than with that minute attention to form which the method of Mr. May demands, attempting novel and daring effects with much success, though here again we must note, at least, an occasional carelessness in a method which, at best, lends itself

to the fault. His more ambitious attempts on canvas show him to be an artist of much feeling and grace, though the taint of impressionism has passed upon him; and he is one of the many men who are conscientiously and intelligently testing the possibilities of their medium.

We cannot leave the subject without a word on the decorative movement and the decadents. It is in Mr. Walter Crane's work that we must recognize the prototype in the branch of the art that has become so popular. He is an able designer, treating the human figure, drapery—especially the classical—and floral subjects, with a uniform skill. His medium is eminently pure, bold, graceful line, and he shows to less advantage on canvas. Of all his work that we have seen, nothing surpasses in happy imagination, and grace of design and execution, the exquisite series, *Flora's Feast*. The first apostle of decorative art, on its revival in England, he has much influenced those who have followed him, among others pre-eminently we take it, Mr. Anning Bell and Mr. Henry Ryland. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley we do not profess to understand, so much of his work is hard to view with anything between the extremes of indignation and immoderate laughter. The spots, the rings, the spikes, the serpents, the uncouth unsavoury women, with their thick lips and obviously false hair, have not been spared by the caricaturist, and it is fitting they should not. And the pity of it is that the burlesques of, say Mr. E. T. Reed in *Punch*, are hardly more flagrant travesties of men, women (especially), and things, as most mortals are privileged to see them. Of course, all this is under the ægis of mysticism, of which we are told pre-Raphaelitism was the germ; but it is a far cry from the "brethren" to Aubrey Beardsley—and E. T. Reed; less we should imagine from the manner of a Japanese fan. We must add that, though all Mr. Beardsley's work is eccentric, and much is tainted, there is so much evidence of real talent—originality goes without the saying—of imagination, and graceful line, with much of what is good in the mystics generally, in this the most advanced of them, that the uninitiated must pause before wholesale condemnation. It remains a not uninteresting mystery.

Walter Bagehot and his attitude towards the Church.

FROM AN AMERICAN CONTRIBUTOR.

WALTER BAGEHOT'S place in literature is, even now, nearly twenty years after his death, scarcely defined. For a third of his comparatively short life he was the Editor of the London *Economist*, and was regarded by all political parties as "a sort of supplementary Chancellor of the Exchequer," whose leaders were eagerly read by business men and financiers. These appreciated his knowledge of practical affairs far more than they did the scientific imagination and insight which make his writings on finance and political economy valuable to-day, when the events of which they treat are more or less forgotten.

Gradually the circle widened, and his ideas and opinions stimulated, and were sometimes adopted by such men as Senior and John Stuart Mill, and almost reached the dignity of a system. We say *almost*, for, with all his critical ability, all his intellectual grasp, all the real elevation of his mind, he has left behind him the reputation rather of the journalist than the man of letters, rather of the politician than the statesman.

In this estimate, however, it is not fair to include his essay on Physics and Politics, or his work on the British Constitution. This latter book, which, unlike most of his writings, was not published in the *Economist* or other periodicals, stands apart as a monument to the real greatness of his intellect. It is not always included in collections of his writings, it is not found in the recent republications of his essays,¹ and is, probably for this reason, less well known in the United States than it deserves to be; for, to us Americans (and de Tocqueville says that the verdict of contemporaneous nations will be the judgment of posterity), it illuminates, as does no other treatise on the subject, the genius of the elastic, unwritten constitution of England,

¹ London and New York : Longmans, Green, and Co., 1895.

which offers such a contrast to the spirit, and to the carefully defined powers of our own.

We cannot dwell on Bagehot's writings on Political Economy, of which only the preliminary portion was revised by himself. This volume of essays and notes—for they are, alas! scarcely more—shows us what we might have gained if he had lived to complete the great work of his life. "Political Economy," said Sydney Smith, "is become in the hands of Malthus and Ricardo, a school of metaphysics." In Bagehot's hands, the facts on which it is founded are moulded, through the living forces of human nature and character, into truths which all of us can understand. The "dismal science" becomes the delightful, through the magic of his genius.

Perhaps his position as an authority in connection with specialized subjects has obscured the brilliancy of his reputation in literature. It is impossible to read his essay on Adam Smith, for instance, on Mr. Gladstone, on Sir George Cornewall Lewis, without feeling that we have been brought face to face with these men and their works with a skill which is rare in literary criticism; and yet to how few are these essays known! It is, after all, this intensely human element in Bagehot, this close intellectual sympathy with his subject, that will make his writings endure, and this accounts also for the revival of interest in them, an interest which has been stimulated by an article by Woodrow Wilson, entitled a "Literary Politician," which recently appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It will well repay the reading for any one who cares to know Bagehot and his works, even if Professor Wilson's conclusions cannot always be accepted. We believe, moreover, that the article itself is destined to live in literature.

Bagehot's life was so uneventful that it can scarcely be marked, save by the dates, of his birth in 1826, of the beginning of his college career—when he went, in 1843, to University College, London, rather than to Oxford or Cambridge, his father being a Unitarian—of his marriage, in 1858, to the daughter of James Wilson, the founder of the London *Economist* (to the editorship of which Bagehot naturally fell heir), and of his death in 1877. A native of Somersetshire, he became, like his father before him, a ship-owner and banker, after studying for the bar, and to this varied and comprehensive training, he owed, no doubt, his acquaintance with practical politics and finance. Few men have ever entered on a career of business with such

a wide range of intellectual sympathies, or of literature, with such profound knowledge of affairs.

Mr. Hutton, his earliest biographer, and Professor Wilson, both dwell on Bagehot's personal charm. "The very appearance of the man," says Professor Wilson, "was a sort of outer index to the singular variety of capacity which has made him so notable a figure in the literary annals of England. A mass of black, wavy hair; a dark eye, with depths full of slumberous, playful fire; a ruddy skin that bespoke active blood, quick in its rounds; the lithe figure of an excellent horseman; a nostril full, delicate, quivering, like that of a blooded racer; such were the fitting outward marks of a man in whom life and thought and fancy abounded; the aspect of a man of unflagging vivacity, of wholesome, hearty humour, of a ready intellectual sympathy, of wide and penetrative observation." It would be difficult to add a line to this picture of Bagehot as he appeared to his friends.

Professor Wilson's description of Bagehot's parents is also too delightful to be omitted. His father "was a man of mind, of strong Liberal convictions in politics, and of an abundant knowledge of English history wherewith to back up his opinions. He was of the men who think, and who think in straight lines; who see, and see things." Of his "invaluable mother," Professor Wilson says: "She had, besides beauty, a most lively and stimulating wit, such a mind as we most desire to see in a woman—a mind that stirs without irritating you, that rouses but does not belabour, amuses and yet subtly instructs. . . . Bagehot had that for which no University can ever offer an equivalent, the constant and intelligent sympathy of both his parents in his studies, and their companionship in his tastes. To his father's strength his mother added vivacity. He would have been wise, perhaps, without her, but he would not have been wise so delightfully."

Can it be wondered at that, with such a parentage, such opportunities, and such gifts, Bagehot wielded during his lifetime, an enormous influence? "He was a great belief-producer," observes Mr. Hutton, "a great and almost an instinctive master of statistical selection. . . . Very few people can ever have had, in an equal measure, the two merits of a fresh judgment and a full mind." "Bagehot is the embodiment of witty common sense," remarks Professor Wilson, and elsewhere he says: "One of the things which strike us most in Bagehot himself, is his

capacity to understand inferior minds, and there can be no better test of sound genius."

Why is it then that, as Professor Wilson asks, "Bagehot's fame is singularly disproportioned to his charm?" Why is it that an author lacks readers who, "when he died, carried away into the next world more originality of thought than is now to be found in the three Estates of the Realm"?

We think the answers to these questions lie in the nature of the man and in his occupation. It is one of the ironies of fate, of the witticisms of life, that newspaper writing daily creates a reputation, and as regularly ignores it. While, in Bagehot's case, the very facility with which he transmuted facts (through what he himself calls, in his memoir of his father-in-law, James Wilson, his "business imagination") into arguments and theories, was a menace to his sense of proportion, to his appreciation of the real relation of things. Professor Woodrow Wilson says that under Bagehot, "the *Economist* became a sort of financial providence for business men on both sides of the Atlantic." This is doubtless true; but Bagehot's work might have gained in value, his future fame might be more assured if he had not been compelled, once a week, to "play providence."

It is with genuine regret that we venture to disagree with so eminent a writer, so admirable a critic, as Professor Wilson, when he says that in Bagehot's literary essays "there is constant balance, there is just proportion, everywhere." But this is the main fault we have to find with Bagehot. With whatever question he is dealing, on whatever canvas "this rapid artist in words" paints, his work is for the moment of such paramount importance that, with our master, we lose sight of the relation of the subject to all others which co-exist in the great picture of life. It is only when the charm no longer acts, when the scene is shifted, that we realize, to use his own phrase, how "subtle is the nature of things," how essential are the "values" in every representation of art and nature in this complex world of ours. Bagehot is a great artist, but, like early Greek frescoes, his pictures are sometimes all foreground.

Bagehot is praised for his "suggestiveness" by a certain class of critics, but he possesses this quality only for a limited number of thinkers. His grasp of detail is so great, his mental vigour so tremendous, that the average mind grows weary of following breathlessly in his wake, and accepts, without

demur, the conclusions which it has neither the ability nor the energy to question.

It is not the intention of this article to deal fully with Professor Wilson's estimate of Bagehot, great as is the temptation and numerous as are the passages which might be quoted as illustrations of the appreciation of one man of genius by another; nor can we attempt to portray the many-sidedness of Bagehot as a man and as a writer. One phase of his mind, however, will be peculiarly interesting to Catholics—his intellectual attitude towards the Church; and this position is the more striking because his whole life lay, apparently, outside of the sphere of her influence.

Almost the only poetry Bagehot ever wrote—and candour compels us to admit that it is scarcely more than rhymed prose—is addressed to the Catholic Church, and we cannot refrain from quoting extracts from his letters on the *Coup d'Etat*, among the earliest of his writings (which yet afford one of the best examples of his eloquence), to show how Catholicity impressed him as a living force, as the only lever to lift up an unbelieving generation. "Philosophy is stationary, Catholicism progressive," he finds at that period (in 1851) in France; and he continues, "It may be that the Catholic Church has been opposed to inquiry and reasoning, but it is not so now and here. Loudly from the pens of a hundred writers, from the tongues of a thousand pulpits, in every note of thrilling scorn and exulting derision, she proclaims the contrary. Be she Christ's workman or Antichrist's, she knows her work too well. 'Reason, reason, reason!' exclaims she to the philosophers of this world. . . . 'Seek, and we warn ye that ye will never find, yet do as ye will.' And when the dust and noise of present controversies have passed away, and in the interior of the night some grave historian writes out the tale of half-forgotten times, let him not forget to observe that, profoundly as the mediæval Church subdued the superstitious cravings of a painful and barbarous age, in after-years she dealt more discerningly still with the feverish excitement, the feeble vanities, and the dogmatic impatience of an over-intellectual generation."

Mr. Richard Hutton admits that John Henry Newman exercised a great influence over Bagehot's mind. He was familiar with all Dr. Newman's writings. "I have no doubt," observes Mr. Hutton, "that for seven or eight years of Bagehot's life the Roman Catholic Church had a great fascination for his

imagination, though I do not think he was ever at all near conversion." Mr. Hutton's view may be, probably is, correct; and yet no man could be far from the light of faith who could speak of the belief in immortality which it implies as "that vague sense of eternal continuity which is always about the mind and which none could bear to lose;" who could feel that "conscience is the condemnation of ourselves:" who could assert that "we require the assumption, the belief, the faith, if the word is better, in an absolutely *perfect* Being. If we assume this, life is simple; without it, all is dark."

"Intense convictions," he affirms, speaking of religion, "make a memory for themselves, and if they can be kept to the truths of which there is good evidence, they give a readiness to intellect, a confidence in action, a consistency in character which are not to be had without them." In another connection Bagehot says, "The essence of Romanism is not in its ceremonies, but in its doctrines. . . . Nothing could be simpler than the mode in which Mr. Newman used to conduct his services in Oxford; and yet he then held 'Roman' doctrine and penetrated half the young men about him with a deep faith in the highest sacramental principle."

Mr. Hutton believes that the especial attraction of the Church for Bagehot, was "the historical prestige and social authority which she had accumulated in believing and uncritical times for use in our unbelieving and critical age." If Bagehot, who knew her only in the splendour of her temporal power, could have lived to see the Catholic Church as she is to-day, an uncrowned queen, yet greater in the eyes of her subjects than ever before; voiceless among kingdoms, yet appealed to by all the forces which would uphold or overwhelm thrones; a radiant centre to which all classes are turning for enlightenment in an age which has lost its power of clear vision, in a civilization which is no longer Christian; if he had lived until to-day, it may be that Bagehot would have seen, not with his intellect only, but through that God-given spiritual imagination, which is faith, the truths which he only beheld "through a glass, darkly," in his own day and generation.

A Modern Achates.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Madam, my lord is gone.—*Shakespeare.*

WHEN Edmund came downstairs next morning, hopeful and prepared to meet Reginald half-way, he found the sitting-room deserted—the breakfast-table laid only for one. A little surprised but not anxious, imagining at the most that Reginald did not wish to meet him so soon, he rang the bell and asked the waiter if the other gentlemen were out.

The answer was unexpected : "*Les messieurs sont partis.*"

"*Partis!*" Edmund looked and felt incredulous, but a few more questions told him all. "Milord and monsieur left at seven, they had gone to Esterel ; they had paid their bills, but meant to return shortly, to-morrow afternoon their servant said ; yes, their servant had gone with them, but they had taken very little luggage, only their portmanteaus."

Edmund dismissed the waiter and sat down to think. His thoughts did not make his heart less heavy. Until this moment he had trusted in Reginald, in his genuine affection, his straightforward honesty, which had made his previous frequent shortcomings so easy to condone. But to-day somehow all was different. Look at it with what eyes he would, this new move had greatly complicated the relations between them. This sudden departure in itself betokened a settled purpose of avoiding explanations ; postponing, if not preventing, the healing of the breach. The thought pained Edmund far more keenly than even the passionate words had done, for they at least were unpremeditated, perhaps unmeant.

It was no use to sit still and ponder, what was done could not be undone. Lord Gletherton would doubtless return shortly ; meanwhile, he was in God's hands. He might escape the fever, it was possible, even probable, young, strong, healthy, as he had said. Only there for a few hours. But during those

hours he would be in the thick of the infection, would go anywhere and everywhere, in search of "fun," would penetrate into the most solitary nooks, into the most miserable alleys, for there must be such in l'Esterel, as in all the little villages about, however clean and bright the distant view. "The least healthy, the most picturesque," as he had once heard Frederick say, the most un-English too, and were they not there to see and lionize "foreign parts"? Edmund knew how Reginald would stand about in the hot sun, too fascinated or too indolent to seek shelter; how he would quench his thirst unmeasuredly with the iced water and lemonades hawked about by dark-eyed peasant women, and which too often held poison in their coolness. What could he do? Little or nothing. The trains to Frejus were few, even had he cared (which he did not) to follow. The evil, moreover, if evil was to be, would be done already; nay, it might be that his very appearance, uninvited, unsought, would goad Reginald, in his present mood, to further rashness. There was nothing then to do but wait, wait with what patience he might for his friend's next move, until right feeling, or sated pleasure should at length bring him back to him. He went to the table and partook hastily of his belated breakfast, read the letters, a necessary business, but one not calculated to soothe or cheer him; for they told of little but of duties waiting him, or of work left undone, or of troubles which he could not put aside. He took up the newspaper and skimmed mechanically the heads of last night's debate, then he went out, as was his wont, but for the first time companionless, without an aim. There was no one even whom he could ask to counsel him. Lord Vivian was not yet risen. His morning cup of chocolate had passed Edmund on his way downstairs, but the day must be well aired before the frail somewhat hypochondriacal invalid could take his customary stroll in the hotel garden. Amy indeed was already out, sunning herself with her maid and lap-dog in the sunniest nook. Edmund joined her after a while. She would not be of much use to him, he knew, but she might know something of her cousin's movements, of Frederick's at least, which meant the same. But she knew nothing; was in fact, much more aggrieved than Edmund was. The two young men had spent the evening with the Ellertons, with whom, doubtless, their plans had been discussed. It was Reginald's fault probably, so rash, so thoughtless: but Frederick should have known better. And she was

so afraid of fever too! If Stephen had only been well, they would have left at once, but he had somehow taken a chill. These cold winds and hot sun together were so dangerous at Cannes. Did Edmund think that they could bring back the infection? And so Edmund found that he had to put aside his own disquiet, and soothe this timid little lady with reasoning that reacted on himself, and in so far, did him good. Still the day seemed very long to him, missing the bright companionship of Reginald, recalling the difference which had divided them. The gay crowds drove and sauntered as of wont. A large flock of sheep, white, yellowish, rich brown, and almost black, with here and there a long-bearded grey goat, singularly picturesque, among them, were driven in by a little dark-eyed, strong-limbed peasant-boy, from the outlying hamlet; strange-looking carts came laden with market produce, and drawn by horses with necks curiously adorned with three long horns (of which the side couple curved outwards); more stir and bustle, so it seemed, than usual; but the hotel was more silent. Many visitors were leaving, they had had the scare of fever too. Lord Vivian, when he came downstairs, seemed feeble and unfit for conversation, and was not told of the Earl's movements. Edmund came and sat with him a little, advised with Amy concerning their departure, undertook the little offices she looked for usually from Frederick, then went out again; and so the long day passed. Most men would have been angry at this cavalier desertion. Edmund was only grieved.

The next morning brought no news of the travellers, Edmund had not expected any, they were coming back so soon. After luncheon he went down to the station to meet them. It cost his pride a little to do so, but pride was nothing to him in his love for Reginald; and perhaps, in the stir and bustle of arrival, the awkwardness of the first meeting might be less felt. A fresh disappointment was, however, awaiting him. The train came in with its freight of passengers, more numerous than usual, but neither Reginald nor his companion were of the number. As Edmund waited, hoping against hope, Mr. Seaham stepped leisurely from a smoking carriage, where he had been looking for a lost parcel, and seeing Mr. Charlton came to him with a cordial greeting: "You here, Charlton? I am glad to see you. Are you bound my way, or, only looking after stray sheep?"

"I came expecting to see Gletherton."

"You will not, he is not in the train. And so you have parted company?"

"For a couple of days, yes, he is gone to l'Esterel with Manley," said Edmund, quietly, though barely able to conceal his disappointment. He had no intention of accusing Reginald, or even blaming him, to Mr. Seaham, old friend as he was to each of them. "There were to have been some *fêtes* there, though I see in the paper that they have been postponed. But anyhow they were to return this afternoon."

Mr. Seaham was silent a moment. He had met the travellers the previous day, at the small branch station of Agay, and asking after Edmund, had heard a somewhat one-sided version of the quarrel. Not that Lord Gletherton had blamed Edmund much, or sought to lessen his own share in the matter. On the contrary, he had rather heightened it, or (so at least Mr. Seaham had hoped) in sheer bravado made the most of it. "I met Gletherton and Manley yesterday, they told me they were going to l'Esterel. I warned them against it, but they would not listen; neither, it seems, had they listened to you."

"Did they say that?" said Edmund, flushing a little.

"Yes, but it did not need the telling; I felt sure it was not with *your* consent that they went heedlessly to that pestiferous place. Well, I gave them a bit of my mind about it, and I hope I did not do more harm than good. Why, there is Gletherton's servant! What does that mean?" as a middle-aged man in undress livery came out of the parcel office, and seeing Mr. Charlton, at once approached him.

"Were you expecting his lordship, sir?"

"Yes. Why is he not here? Why has he sent you back without him?"

The questions were rapid, almost breathless. Calm as Edmund usually was, a sudden anxiety had taken possession of him.

"His lordship and Mr. Manley left this morning for Frejus."

There was a moment's pause, then Edmund asked quietly—a pained expression taking the place of the anxious one: "For how long?"

"I don't know, sir; his lordship called me after breakfast, and said that he was going a little further, he should not want me, and I was to await him here."

"Was there no message for me?"

"No, sir."

"And you have no knowledge of his lordship's plans? the length of time that he will still be absent?" said Mr. Seaham, whilst Edmund stood silent, deeply hurt, and surprised at this sudden and unexpected move of Reginald's.

"I know nothing, sir. His lordship was a little fussed; I think he did not altogether want to go, sir, but Mr. Manley pressed it."

So this again was Mr. Manley's doing. Mr. Charlton did not answer, but as the servant moved away, he woke suddenly from his reverie, and said, briefly: "Have Mr. Ellerton and his brother gone with them?"

"No, sir; they went on straight to Aix. They did not stop at Esterel at all, hearing that there were no *fêtes*, and that the fever was so prevalent."

"Lord Gletherton stayed, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir; he and Mr. Manley were about the village all the evening, quite dusk it was when they came in. A very pretty place it is, sir, but I'm glad his lordship is not remaining there."

Again Mr. Charlton was silent, and the man moved on, a little curious it might be, in his heart, as to what could have parted Edmund from the Earl. That it was Reginald's fault, he doubted little, for much as he liked and respected his young master, he knew his temper only too well.

Edmund himself was grievously perplexed and troubled, he could not decide what to do. What could have taken Reginald to Frejus? there could be no *fête* there to-day.

Mr. Seaham could not much enlighten him. Lord Gletherton's conduct seemed indeed passing strange. Frejus was a curious old town. He had been there some years ago, would like to go again. There were old walls there, an ancient circus, an old harbour, and an aqueduct, well worth a visit from an antiquarian point of view, but not much in Gletherton's line, he fancied.

"Was there likely to be fever there?"

"Oh, no, a pleasant open spot enough, close to the River Argon and the sea, the *mistral* was unpleasant sometimes." As they talked, they left the station. Mr. Seaham wished to spend an hour or two at Cannes, then go on by a night train to Florence, where his sister Adelaide and her husband were still staying. He would walk back with Edmund to his hotel and see the Vivians; he might be of use to them, if they were not starting off immediately, though, "for the matter of that,"

he added, confidently, "you will very soon have Gletherton back again, he will tire of Frejus in three days." But, on reaching the hotel, a telegram awaited them. It was from Lord Gletherton. Was it not Frederick's dictation?

"Off to Frejus, perhaps further, don't wait, if inconvenient."
And that was the reward of his unselfish friendship.

Day after day went by, still Edmund lingered at Cannes, and still no further tidings came to him. A week passed, and still no word. A telegram sent to Frejus, to the chief hotel, remained unanswered. Cliff, the Earl's servant, remained still without orders. It was impossible that they should be still at Frejus, but where then could they be? An Englishman, staying at the hotel, suggested a short walking tour as not unlikely. There were pretty hamlets in those parts, he knew. The fishing village of St. Rafaele, and Trophy, and others too, not mentioned in the guide-books, and which could not be reached except on foot. It was possible, indeed, but why did they not write? and how long was this weary waiting to go on? The Earl's luggage was packed and made ready for departure, the time fixed for their return to England was already past; the Vivians, after waiting a few days, left for Marseilles, where they hoped still to be joined by Frederick. Edmund for many reasons was anxious to return. He had written to provide another "pair," but if his *vote* might be dispensed with, his personal weight and influence could not, and whilst far from giving undue prominence to either, he knew that his absence would be a disappointment to his party. He had other anxieties pressing upon him also, which, in their recent strained intercourse, he had not mentioned to Reginald. His uncle's health was failing rapidly; each letter brought a gloomier report, a summons to return might at any moment reach him; duty might step in between him and his friendship, between him and his promise to Mrs. Fitzgerald, that he would watch over and protect her son. What was he then to do?

Letters came also from the Abbey, for Reginald, and lay on Edmund's writing-desk unanswered; a telegram came for Frederick from the Vivians, announcing their arrival at Marseilles, and imploring him to join them. The weather became hot, unhealthy; sultry days varied with cold, bleak winds, and clouds of dust, and still no tidings of the travellers.

They had vanished utterly from Edmund's ken. At last when even his patience was nearly exhausted, when doubt and trouble had given place to keen anxiety, another telegram reached him from an obscure village, a little to the west of Frejus. It was from Frederick this time, and Edmund's cheek paled, as he read it, with a sudden bewildered shock of pain :

"Lord Glettherton is dangerously ill of fever. Come at once."

For a moment, but for a moment only, Edmund was stunned. This then was the meaning of the dim forebodings, that haunting sense of coming evil which had hung round him like a baleful shadow, from the first hour that his friend had quitted him. He sank into a seat, and leaning his head on his hands, a passionate prayer fell from him, that he might be *in time*. Somehow, that seemed his only hope just then.

"In time, my God, at least, in time," he repeated to himself, and the words at last pierced through the half-bewilderment that had come over him, and he started to his feet. There was indeed no time to lose, and from that moment he lost none.

Recalling with an effort his habitual self-control, he was once more calm, foreseeing, self-reliant, a man who could control and help himself, because he had all his life striven to help others.

It was already late in the afternoon. The village of Ste. Marie-les-Maures was distant ;—miles from any railway. The people at the hotel could not even tell him whether he would be able to get there by carriage. It mattered little, go he must, and go he would. Which was the nearest station? Frejus. Was there a train soon? Not till seven o'clock. He would have to change at Agay? Yet, yes ; there would be a night train on. After Frejus? They could not say.

Edmund made his preparations. He was at the station long before the hour named, everything had been done that could be done, it had been a strange kind of relief to him to work, now that relief failed him. An English physician whom Reginald knew and liked had been absent when Edmund went to seek him, he was to follow by the next train. Cliff, Reginald's servant, was to wait his orders, and follow him if needful, making meanwhile such arrangements as their sudden departure made necessary. Then through the close, sultry evening and far into the chill night, Edmund controlled his terrible anxiety, and learned to watch and wait, as the slow train went on, stopping at every station, and seeming tardier

than it really was, to the anxious impatient traveller, who sat looking out into the dark starless night, with wide weary eyes.

But to be of use to Reginald, he must rest now; and when the necessary change at Agay was effected, and the train again moved on, he leaned back in the corner of the railway carriage, dismissed with a strong effort the thoughts which crowded on his mind, and weariness at length overpowering him, he sank into a deep and dreamless sleep. It was well for him that it was so, for many a weary night must pass before he dared to sleep again.

CHAPTER XXIV.

But looking in his face I felt his smile,
Gracious as ever though his sweetness wore
Unwonted sorrow in it.—*Talfourd.*

THE day had already dawned when Edmund woke.

The country was quite new to him; a thick haze—the haze preceding a hot day had blotted out the outlines of the hills, which yet loomed here and there ghostly and indistinct. Was it among these hills and vales that he must seek Reginald? He knew that he was not far from Frejus now. Slow as the train was it must surely by this time have nearly reached its destination. There had been a stoppage on the road, the guard said, when questioned, but Frejus was in sight now. And as Edmund looked eagerly in the direction indicated, he saw the cool glitter of a broad river and the blue shimmer of more distant sea. Near at hand rose the old Roman walls, of which Mr. Seaham had spoken, and the oval circus of mingled stone and brick which had lured Reginald or Frederick with its memories of the past. Little time however had Edmund, little heart either, for a long survey. The train crawled slowly into the station, lone and deserted in these early hours. The station-master, the guard, a sleepy porter from the inn, that was all. Edmund waited till the train went on, and then addressing himself to the station-master, asked anxiously how he could get to Ste. Marie-les-Maures. Yes, he knew there was no train, but could he drive?

"Yes, certainly; that porter could get him a chaise from the inn: a long drive, very, and the road bad. Did monsieur know there was fever at Ste. Marie? An English milord was dying, so men said."

The words gave Edmund a fresh shock, but the station-master had but few details to give. "There was little communication between Frejus and Ste. Marie: an out-of-the-way hamlet, a few cottages in fact: some people coming in to market yesterday, brought the tidings, and they knew nothing more; it was useless to ask others, they would not know as much as he did."

There was no time to be lost. Edmund felt this as he followed the porter to the inn, and roused its inmates. Arrivals at that early hour were rare. A chaise was hastily made ready; meanwhile, the inn-keeper urged on him refreshment. Edmund took it, standing: a roll, a cup of coffee, he scarcely realized what; gazing anxiously from the inn window, hurrying the men, as he had never hurried any one before.

At last he was able to start. The sun had risen then, the mists gradually dispersed. A fair smiling country spread around him, still silent, still asleep; in front of him the blue hills.

A lovely drive most strangers found it; the air cool and fresh, the green pasture-fields, the steep slopes dotted with spring flowers; white stars of Bethlehem wide open to the sun, clusters of blue grape; hyacinth, with others less familiar if not less beautiful. Little villages with their flat roofs and white-washed walls lay here and there amongst the hills; a church-bell was ringing somewhere in the far distance; all this he passed, but scarcely seemed to notice, though afterwards looking back upon it, field, and pasture, and hill, and vale, seemed stamped with strange distinctness on his memory. The road was, as the landlord had said, both long and bad, worn into deep ruts in places by the heavy carts of the peasantry, here and there marshy or sodden with melted snow; but urging on the slow and somewhat apathetic driver, Edmund was soon well on his way: in sight almost of the goal to which he hastened, yet which he almost feared to reach. At last he arrived at Ste. Marie-les-Maures; a picturesque but miserable hamlet, low-lying, though with a background of jagged hills; a spur of the great porphyry range from which it took its name; while in front, on the flat, treeless plain, marshy in places, and often swept by the *mistral*, the great white cattle of the south were browsing peacefully, or drawing faggot-laden carts from the more wooded districts further east.

It was not difficult to find the inn: a mere *cabaret* indeed,

but the only one the village could boast; and with heart beating more quickly, and voice trembling with suppressed emotion, Edmund asked the tidings he had come so far to seek.

The answer was very far from reassuring. The English gentlemen had come there two evenings since; they had ordered rooms, for the night only, intending to return to Cannes; one of them, milord it was, had seemed very unwell, had touched nothing at dinner, complained of headache, and gone at once to bed. The next morning he had not risen for breakfast; his friend had sought him; found him ill, and sent for medical assistance. The doctor had pronounced it a bad case of fever, aggravated apparently by imprudence and neglect. He had come again in the evening, and sat up with him all night. "Would monsieur like to go to him?" as Edmund seemed impatient; "if he had not had the fever it was better not."

"I have come to nurse him," replied Edmund, briefly; "will you take me to him?"

"Come to nurse him!" The little inn-keeper could not contain his surprise, his admiration; but he led the way to a fairly comfortable room, with windows looking towards the north, but feeling close and fever-stricken after the large airy apartments of the Cannes Hotel.

Frederick was standing by the bedside, while the fussy little French doctor gesticulated, vehemently, as though enforcing some advice or opinion previously enunciated.

Edmund, excepting for a few hurried words, took little notice of them, of Frederick's half-defiant greeting, of the doctor's rapid but whispered warnings; his gaze, strained and anxious, sought only Reginald, who, flushed and feverish, and barely conscious, lay tossing on his couch, his bright chestnut locks dishevelled on the pillow, his hands thrown out upon the disordered counterpane, whilst low rambling words fell from his lips. Edmund fancied that he caught the sound of his own name, but neither in the faltering voice nor in the wide blue eyes was there tone or glance of recognition. Edmund had little experience of fever, or of any illness, but he knew enough to feel at once how really critical was the Earl's condition. His heart sank and his eyes were dim as he bent above him, taking the fevered hand in his, whispering low words of friendship and sympathy, which alas fell unheeded on the ear of the sufferer, while their suppressed pain startled the kindly-natured doctor, and reached even the shallow sensibilities of Frederick Manley.

The latter came nearer and looked down also with a little emotion upon the altered features of his friend. Then a sudden pang shot through him, a momentary penitence, and he turned to Mr. Charlton. "God forgive me if this kills him!" he said, hurriedly; "it is my doing."

It *was* his doing. Edmund knew that too well, but though his heart was wrung with his anxiety, he would not make another's burden harder to bear. With a sudden impulse he held out his hand, and if the action had less of friendship than of forgiveness in it, surely at that moment it was no small thing even freely to forgive. "We must hope always," he said, quietly. "God is very merciful."

Frederick did not answer, he had accepted the hand-clasp so generously offered, but he did not feel as if he could speak just then. Careless and unprincipled as he doubtless was, he had liked Reginald in his shallow fashion, and he felt in his heart that if he died he could never forgive himself. It seemed strange too that suffering and danger had fallen upon bright, happy-hearted Reginald, whose sunny disposition had seemed unfitted above all others for care or trouble.

Edmund turned to the doctor and asked him in low tones what he thought of his patient.

The answer was a guarded one. Monsieur le Comte was very dangerously ill, *mais oui certainement*, but there was hope. He was young, strong also, and youth and strength are potent agencies: he might yet win through it. Nay, he could say no more: the fever must run its course; the future was in God's hands. Was monsieur strong himself? well—he did not look so. Had he ever had the fever? No? then he had better not risk infection. Nay, monsieur could look in occasionally, as the other monsieur did, with great precautions: it was not well to have three ill instead of one. Monsieur could get a *bonne sœur* from Frejus, two *bonnes sœurs* if he wished it: but to nurse milord himself! *pas possible!* it was but throwing his life away.

Frederick also remonstrated, but finding his words in vain, offered at least to share his watch. "I'm not much good in a sick-room," he said, frankly, "but after all one lives and learns, and if you risk it, why not I?"

"You have other duties," said Mr. Charlton, quietly.

They had left Lord Gletherton's room now, and stood by the open window in the corridor, breathing in the cool morning

air, which, fever-laden though it might be, seemed yet to bring them new life after the oppression of the sick-room.

"Your brother may require your presence. It would not do to bring infection there. I have a letter for you from Lady Vivian," and he gave it to him.

Frederick broke the seal, hastily. "Pshaw! another false alarm," he said, when he had read it. "I will not go!"

"I can do all that is necessary," said Edmund; "we neither of us can do much, I fear, at present. It is so; is it not?" he added, turning to the doctor, with a very worn, harassed expression upon his face. "Lord Gletherton seems unable even to recognize us?"

"Nay, he will have short intervals of consciousness."

"And if he has, will my presence *harm* him?" said Edmund, in a somewhat anxious tone, as the new fear struck him; and a strange expression, was it shame or self-reproach, came over Frederick's face. "He does not expect me," continued Edmund, as the doctor turned towards him a questioning look, "and when we parted, it was not as *friends*." The last words were very low, but the doctor understood them.

"Not as friends? and yet you come to nurse him! aye, and I warn you at the risk of your life. *Ma foi!* monsieur, what friend could do more? No, you'll not harm him; you'll do him good," said the doctor, with a warmth that did Edmund good also.

A little further conversation took place, after which the doctor took his departure, leaving however full instructions behind. Frederick might see Lord Gletherton, occasionally, but with precautions, and meanwhile, was to telegraph to Lady Vivian, to explain the matter; leaving it to her prudence to recall, or bid him stay. Edmund was to be installed as nurse, and the Earl's servant to be at once sent for. The inn-keeper's wife also, a cheery, kindly woman, would do her best for him, *le pauvre garçon*, whenever needed. These arrangements having been concluded, and sundry other matters satisfactorily settled with the inn-keeper, Edmund returned to Reginald's room, and sitting down beside him, watched anxiously for a return to consciousness.

But Reginald seemed more restless than before. As the heat of the day increased, the fever increased with it; and the rambling words became more violent, if more intelligible.

At last Reginald started up in bed. "I say! Edmund, why

have you turned against me? Don't you *see* that I am ill, and want you! Come to me." Then falling back upon his pillow, "Why *doesn't* he come? he must hear me."

Edmund rose and stood beside him. "I am here, Reginald," he said, gently, "don't you know me?"

"I don't want *you*, I want Edmund. Mother, tell Edmund to come back to me." Then after a pause, "Did *you* think he would have deserted me? I didn't, but he has done so. See, it's Frederick who is here watching me. I don't want *him*. *Edmund!* I say, why don't you come?"

It was inexpressibly painful: the tears stood in Mr. Charlton's eyes as he bent over his friend, and laid his cool hand upon the burning brow. Reginald flung himself away, new accents of reproach and bitterness rising hotly to his lips; then the paroxysm passed, and he lay still, as Edmund thought, in half unconsciousness.

It was daylight on the following morning when Reginald, after some hours of alternate rest and half delirium, at last returned for an instant to himself, in a languid dreamy fashion caused by suffering and exhaustion, and with a faint idea that something strange had happened. The unfamiliar room, the sense of weariness, the lighted night-lamp on the table—was that all? No, as he slowly turned his eyes from side to side, gradually taking in the various bearings of the scene, and vainly trying to comprehend them, they fell on the grave, anxious face of Edmund, who, roused by the slight movement, had approached the bed, and now bent over him with an expression of the deepest concern. The story of the past ten days came suddenly back to him, disjointed and indistinct, like the pictures of a dissolving view, or in a troubled dream: the hard words that he had spoken, the taunts that he had uttered, his own ungrateful and insensate folly, which had ended—*thus*. But there was no reflection of the past unkindness, in the grave, kind face that bent over him, in the warm tender hand-clasp, in the questioning eyes, now heavy and worn with sleeplessness and watching, as the Earl well knew, for his sake. The sight brought a rush of regret to Reginald's wayward, but generous nature: for days past he had been longing to yield, but pride, and Frederick's influence, had prevented him. It was *his* wish that had at last turned their steps homeward, and during the

last days when coming illness lay upon him, and his head ached and his limbs were heavy, his mind had been harassed still further by the memory of his wrong-doing. Now, with the forbidden fruit tasted, the price still to be paid, his head throbbing with fever, and confused with haunting fears of what might happen, a feeling of proud penitence rose uppermost in his heart, as his eyes fell upon his friend, and he knew why he had come there.

He raised himself with an effort, but the movement was too much for him, and he lay back, panting and exhausted, his eyes fixed questioningly and anxiously upon Edmund's face. "What is it all? Have I been ill?—not *fever*? Oh, Edmund, how right and wise you were—what fools we were to disregard you." Then, as Edmund did not reply (only laid his hand soothingly on the Earl's brow), he added, slowly: "What did I say to you? I know I wounded you, but I forget, I *forget*." Then, after a pause, "Have *you* forgotten?—that you have come back to me?"

"I have forgotten," returned Edmund, gently; "calm yourself, Reginald, the past is past, let us not think of it. You are ill, and quiet is absolutely necessary for you."

"That's well enough for you to say," said Reginald, testily, "*you've* nothing to forget or grieve for, Edmund: you shall not, must not stay with me—I won't have your death upon my soul, I tell you, as well as my own."

The tone as well as the words betokened excitement, and Edmund again interposed. "Hush, Reginald, no more of this," he said, quietly, but with firmness. "I am come to nurse you, to stay by you, until, with God's help, you are well again. I will not let you drive me away." Then, as Reginald turned restlessly on his pillow, "What can I do for you?"

"How can I tell?" said Reginald, pettishly, but without again urging his protest. "I'm only half awake, I think, and my throat is like fire—thanks," as Edmund held a cup to his lips, and he drank, eagerly. "Are people always like this in fever? I'm dizzy too, and can hardly see." He strove to raise himself, but Edmund prevented him. "Let me move, Edmund—I can't, with your hands on me. Good heavens, I never felt like this before," as he sank back again. Then suddenly, "You think that I deserve it, don't you?"

"No, Reginald."

"Oh, yes, you do. You know you are glad of it. It's

Frederick who is sorry, not you," said Reginald, the delirium returning, as his excitement brought on fresh access of fever, "it's Frederick who has been so good to me, and you, deserted me."

Edmund shook his head, as he laid his hand on Lord Gletherton's wrist.

"It's quick enough," said Reginald, calming down; "look, you can see its beating," and he held up his slight, burning hand, with a momentary gleam of languid curiosity. "Do, for Heaven's sake, throw the window open, and let a little air into the room."

"Dr. Nicholson will soon be here, from Cannes," said Edmund, as he obeyed the impatient mandate. "He should have been here hours ago. Meanwhile, I entreat you, Reginald, be calm. For your mother's sake," he added, earnestly.

The implied warning or the soothing tone, had a temporary effect. Reginald lay back on his couch and closed his eyes. Edmund sat down beside him, plunged in thought.

The slow minutes passed on: the daylight grew stronger in the room, the night-lamp waxing wan and ghostly flickered slowly to extinction. A slight breeze stirred the leaves of the climbing plants outside the window, with a soft, soothing, dreamy sound. Voices and steps were heard outside. A little buzz of market people in the sleepy little village: the lowing of kine upon the plain: the singing of some early songster; but in the room all was still. Presently Reginald moved a little and turned his lazy blue eyes upon Edmund, a strange pathetic earnestness shining in them. Edmund could not quite read their expression, but he bent over him, tenderly. "You are not resting, Reginald. What troubles you? Are you in pain?"

"My head aches terribly; but it is not that. I feel too sorry and ashamed to rest, Edmund. Nay," as his friend would fain have silenced him, "let me speak now whilst I can do so. I've been unjust to you, you can't deny it—at least say that you forgive me," and the tones, though faint and somewhat broken, had their old winning friendliness.

Edmund's reply came low, hoarse even, with emotion, as he laid his hand within his friend's. "That is all past, Reginald; forget it."

"All right," said Reginald—his blue eyes a little dim, although his lips were smiling. "I'd rather by half forget it if

I could. It's not a pleasant memory to look back upon." Then, after a pause, "I'll do better if I get through *this*. Do you think I shall?" suddenly and sharply with his gaze full on Edmund's face.

"God grant it, Reginald." The words came fervently: "*God grant it.*"

"God grant it; but you do not think He *will*? And that is just what you have got to tell me." And the Earl's hand tightened upon Edmund's arm.

"The fever has to run its course, Reginald; but after that—I trust, you may be better."

"But I may be *worse*; do not deceive me."

The reply was almost inaudible: "It may be so, Reginald." And then for a little while there was silence between them.

CHAPTER XXV.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me.—*Shakespeare.*

AT last the English doctor arrived from Cannes, and Frederick, who had been wandering about somewhat aimlessly, received him, and brought him to Reginald's room. A grave, middle-aged man, with keen grey eyes, a shrewd quiet smile, and dark hair plentifully strewn with grey. Lord Gletherton had met him in society, and it was from him that Edmund had learnt the danger of the expedition. The French doctor came with him, and both consulted very anxiously. Reginald had fallen into a feverish sleep from which he would, they thought, awake delirious. The fever was evidently running very high, and agreeing that it was impossible to move him, the healthiness and convenience of his present quarters left much to be desired. The fussy Frenchman and the grave quiet Englishman alike regarded the situation as critical, but both agreed that little could be done, and that the illness must run its course. The patient must be kept cool and quiet, must be carefully watched and each change noticed, and all might yet be well. Dr. Nicholson could not stay himself, but would be there again when the crisis was at hand. Meanwhile, he cautioned his colleague how to treat him, as Englishmen and foreigners were somewhat differently constituted, and the patient must on no account be bled or otherwise weakened.

When the two doctors withdrew, Edmund followed them to the door. "What do you think of him?" he asked, breathlessly. The question had been burning on his lips while he stood beside his friend's couch and tried to read the verdict in their faces, as they whispered earnestly together.

It was Dr. Nicholson who answered him. "It is a serious case, a very serious one; and yet, mark me, I don't despair of him. He seems of a robust and healthy constitution, and although somewhat spare and slight, there is no harm in that. Don't *you* run any needless risk. You do not look as if you could well stand it. Take air and exercise and proper rest, and you will thereby nurse your friend longer and save yourself from similar peril. You do not wish for further help?"

"Not if you do not yourself think it necessary."

"I do not at this moment. You have a servant with you?"

"Lord Gletherton's valet will be here by the next train."

"And he is trustworthy, dependable?"

"Entirely so: he has been with him many years."

"That is well. Do not be over-anxious," as he marked the harassed expression on Edmund's face; "there is every hope of Lord Gletherton's recovery, though I will not conceal from you that the illness is serious."

Edmund thanked him and returned to Reginald, who was asleep and did not notice him. Frederick came in for a moment, uncertain what to do. Anxious for Reginald, angry with himself, jealous of Edmund, yet helpless without him, his presence brought with it little comfort. It was no time either for conversation, and they attempted none. Frederick walked to the window, and drew aside the extemporized curtain, letting in a gush of glaring sunlight on the face of the sleeper; then, at a gesture of remonstrance from Edmund, let it fall back noisily into its place; sat down, took up a book, threw it aside, and finally, after lingering aimlessly for some few minutes, to Edmund's relief, quitted the room, and went outside to smoke away alike his anxiety and his self-reproach.

When Frederick had left, Edmund remained for some time in deep thought, and then began, with a strangely heavy heart, to write his sorrowful tidings to Mrs. Fitzgerald. It was a difficult task for one who knew so well the engrossing love, the almost adoration, which the poor mother bore her only son; and more than once he laid down his pen, and bowed his head upon his hands. What could he say? and in what words could

he say it? His task was not yet finished, when Reginald awoke. He was calmer, though still very feverish, and looked instantly for his friend.

"You are there? It is not a dream then? Where is Frederick?"

"He is outside—do you want him?" and Edmund half rose from his seat.

"No, I want *you*. Stay! you are writing to my mother?" in a low voice.

"She ought to know, Reginald."

"Nonsense! I am much better; and yet, somehow, it may be best. You had better write to Lilies."

"To your sister? Why, Reginald?"

"Because,—because it will half kill the mother," said the young man, in a troubled voice. He paused a moment, then continued, "Don't make me out at death's door, Edmund; you can but write again to-morrow;—and stay! don't, pray don't make black sheep of us," a little irritation in his tone.

"You shall read it," was the quiet answer, and Reginald was satisfied. He lay still, looking at Edmund, occasionally putting in a word, a message, but his tones sounded low and weak, and Edmund sighed as he concluded.

"Will you read it?" he said, as he approached the bedside: then, "I doubt if you can?" as he noticed the tired, heavy eyes, usually so full of life and fun.

"I don't suppose so." But Reginald stretched out his hand, impatience in the movement, though there was a grave look upon his face.

"It is just like you, Edmund," he said, as he gave the letter back. "I always said you were a world too good to me! You have still one thing to do for me," he added, presently.

"What is it, Reginald?" and Edmund paused on his way to post the letter.

"You are going out? I should like to see the *curé*. There is one within reach?" he added, anxiously.

"I have sent for him, he will be here shortly," said Edmund, in a low voice. "I knew that you would wish to see him."

"And *soon*," said Reginald, "thank you." Then he lay still, a grave look on his face, yet somehow less excited than before. He knew instinctively what the others feared, that should the fever take a sudden turn, his intervals of consciousness might possibly be brief; and he would not lose the chance now offered

him to make his peace with God, as he had already done with man. His life had been an uneventful one; a happy, healthy, guileless life, marred only by the gusts of passion, the brief wrong-headedness which marked his race, in which he had almost taught himself to glory. But things looked different to him in this hour, and the deep sense of religion, overwrapped at times by gay light-heartedness, resumed its sway as the sense of coming peril grew upon him. Feelings and memories awoke within him; a grave regret for time ill-spent; a fervent prayer for space to spend it better. It seemed hard, passing hard, to die so young, with all the world and all its honours spread out before him—cast down at his feet; to feel that his own act had thrust it from him—for what? At best the pleasure of an hour.

But when a little later the old French *curé* stood beside him, his kind gentle face full of the tenderest sympathy, Reginald, though weak and suffering, was calm, almost resigned. His greeting to the priest was frank and cordial, but with it all an earnestness and respect, most unlike his usual careless *bon-homme*. This friend, for so he felt him from the first, was like no other friend, and as the oft-told tale fell from his lips, of youth's impatience and of human weakness, the counsel and the comfort and the absolution brought with them a heaven-sent peace and consolation, which Edmund, for all his gentleness and goodness, had yet been powerless to offer.

After this, Reginald had few lucid intervals, and only at moments few and far between, might Edmund dare to leave his bedside, while the doctor and the *curé* were frequently, the former almost hourly, in attendance. Frederick was, as he had himself predicted, of no use whatever. He was utterly unused to a sick-room, nor had he either the tact or patience which might have supplied in a measure for his inexperience. He would receive inquirers for the Earl;—the simple country people took great interest in the sunny-faced English "milord," who had come amongst them apparently but to die. He would take messages, or ride off for the doctor, or into the next town for ice or fruit or other requirements for the invalid; would pay him short unexpected visits of inquiry, disturbing Edmund's quiet vigil with worrying doubts and questions, and suggestions, impossible demands, or useless offers of assistance. But the long nights, the longer days, saw Edmund oftenest *alone* with

his friend ; alone in his constant unwearying tendance, in his anxious watching, in his still more anxious listening to the ever-recurring words, in which reproach, self-blame, and penitence, were mingled strangely with the wildest accusations against Edmund and against Frederick. Sometimes, when pain and weariness had calmed the fever, without restoring his full consciousness, Reginald would mutter to himself for hours together, at times unintelligibly, but more often in low touching accents of despondency or of affection, in which his mother's name and sometimes Liliás's recurred the oftenest. In these calmer intervals, Cliff, Reginald's servant, was in his way invaluable, but even to him, loving his young master and serving him with fidelity, Edmund would seldom yield his place, until driven from it by sheer exhaustion, he retired to snatch a few hours' rest.

At last, after many days, the crisis came, and after many hours of such deathlike unconsciousness, that more than once they thought him gone, Reginald fell into a refreshing sleep. Edmund still watched, untiringly beside him, Dr. Nicholson, the French doctor, and the *curé* were there also ; whilst Frederick came in from time to time to learn only that the doctors had great hopes, but that all must still depend upon the waking. And then in the early morning, when the air was cool and fragrant with spring flowers, and the birds' songs sounded loud in the breathless stillness of the room, Reginald awoke, and turned his glance brightly and in grateful recognition to Edmund, who, thoroughly overcome, could only in broken words express his thankfulness.

"He will do now," said Dr. Nicholson, kindly. "You have in truth nursed him back from death to life. He owes less to our care than to yours."

Still, convalescence was extremely slow. Reginald was terribly pulled down by his long illness, and though possessing a splendid constitution, made a most unsatisfactory patient. A strong sense of awe had taken possession of him when he first began to realize his danger, but the reaction from his usual thoughtlessness had been too violent to last long, and had passed away almost entirely with the first glow of returning health. High-spirited, imprudent, impatient to a degree, he chafed at the restraints imposed on him, was ever ready to talk or amuse himself, while Frederick, perhaps to vex his rival, encouraged him to do so, though fits of weariness and

exhaustion and discouragement were the penalty of the exertion.

"If you would only take a few days' rest, believe me, it is your best medicine," said Edmund, earnestly, one sultry afternoon, when the doctor had gone away dissatisfied, with a muttered phrase in which *Ces Anglais* had been repeated not too flatteringly.

"How can I rest? you are unreasonable, all of you. It's rest, rest, from morn to night, and back again all the clock round. Four mortal weeks have I been lying here: it is not so easy as you think."

"I wish I could bear it for you."

"Well, I've no doubt you would bear it better. Do open the window, Edmund, I am stifled here."

An hour before, he had asked to have it closed, but Edmund rose, and throwing wide the sash, arranged the mosquito curtains before it. There had been some sort of a fair that day, very small, but very noisy; now the noise was dying away. The sound of voices in their strange half French, half Italian *patois*, peculiar to the neighbourhood of Frejus, stole in with the cool evening air, as did also the familiar fragrance of a cigar. Frederick's short laugh was a not inappropriate accompaniment, but it inspired Lord Gletherton with a languid wish to be partaker in the jest. Edmund saw this, and did not wonder. He knew how dull the long slow hours had been, and yet, what could he do? Presently he began to read aloud, and Reginald grudgingly composed himself to listen. Little by little the voices outside died away, and the twilight fell. The occasional weird cry of a night-bird in the neighbouring bushes alone interrupted the peace and calm around, but it was long before Reginald's weary restlessness subsided into sleep. Edmund closed the book and went over to him, listening to the regular breathing, looking down upon the clear-cut features, so changed from what they had been once. Yet surely there was an improvement now—would come at least with rapid strides in that tranquil, dreamless sleep. He looked a while, then, calling Cliff to take his place, he threw himself upon his bed in the next room, and fell asleep. Thoroughly exhausted, he slept longer than he knew; the sound of voices roused him, and recognizing Reginald's, he rose hurriedly and hastened to rejoin him. Lord Gletherton had awakened with the daylight, but had not allowed Cliff to summon his friend. He knew how

much in need of rest Edmund must be. He felt better too, himself, refreshed with three or four hours of peaceful sleep. He liked the novelty of independence, ordered his own breakfast, and enjoyed it, and when Edmund returned just as he finished, turned to him a face bright with lazy mischief, and hailed him in a voice more like his own cheery one than Edmund had heard yet.

The anxious look left Mr. Charlton's face, and approaching the bed and pressing his friend's hand, he looked at him for some moments without speaking.

"You seem better to-day, Reginald, much better," he said, in a relieved tone.

"You think so? Well, you ought to know. I was going to bid a penny for your thoughts, you looked at me so long and solemnly."

"You certainly seem better, and your voice stronger. I think you have turned the corner now, as Dr. Nicholson would say," and though he smiled, there was emotion in his voice.

"Then I may thank *you* for it," said Reginald, earnestly; "you have been a truer friend than I deserved. They couldn't have done better at the Abbey."

"I must write the good news to them."

But this time Mrs. Fitzgerald had the letter.

Reginald had not once referred with Frederick to the origin of his illness. He had been too weak and feeble for discussions, and though anxious for the society of Frederick, of the *curé*, of the doctor even, anything for a change, he was easily tired, and for this reason less liable to excite or over-tire himself, than when in the more dangerous stages of his illness, fever had lent him a fictitious strength. At last one day he had been moved to a sofa by the window, and lay idly watching the hazy blue horizon, where one could just imagine the slow, sleepy Mediterranean waves, as they splashed along the level shore, or the broad monotonous plain that stretched in front, with herds of cattle, or the picturesque herdsmen and the gaily-dressed peasant women going in their quaint carts to market: the thought of all that had passed was in the mind of each, but it was Reginald who first broke the silence.

"I hope you are properly ashamed of yourself, Frederick?" he said, lazily, and yet with meaning.

"Translate, if you please," with rising colour. "What have I done?"

"Only got me into a scrape, which I nearly paid dearly for! I suppose you will tell me that it was my own fault? I say it wasn't."

"You are like Eve and the serpent, Reginald. I offered you a pleasure, certainly—I wish to Heaven I hadn't—and you took it, not unwillingly."

"Yes, that was my fault, I allow. Well, I did your bidding, and reaped the consequences. Pray give me better advice next time."

"I shall not have much chance, to all appearance, if your friend Charlton is to rule the roast. A rare field he has had this time, and made the most of it."

"Ah, well," retorted Reginald, coolly, "I suppose it is in a sick-room that we learn to know our friends."

Frederick dropped his somewhat offended tone, and came and sat beside him, flinging down the cigarette that he had been smoking. "Come, don't be huffed, Reginald. I would have nursed you, only I did not know how. A bad nurse is worse than none, you know," he said, with a half smile; "then Charlton took the reins in his own hands, and kept you under such strict surveillance, that not a soul of us could come near you."

A faint smile stole over Reginald's face. "Edmund is a very good fellow, Frederick. I wish you were anything like him."

"So do not I," with some asperity. "But I will tell you what I have been doing."

And forthwith he detailed a pleasant expedition he had made (with some acquaintance he had picked up in Frejus) to a great fair on the previous day, at a town some fifteen miles off. It had been a quaint and picturesque sight enough, interesting and strange to his English eyes, and not without a little excitement in it. He told it pleasantly, with spirit, and Reginald listened with amusement, and wished he could have been of the party too. It certainly struck him that Frederick all along, except perhaps during his actual danger, had been enjoying himself well enough without him; and though not selfish enough to regret the fact, it piqued him somewhat, and brought out more clearly the devotion of his other friend. And so at last his attention wandered; his thoughts ceased to follow the narration which had at first amused him; and his answers

became so dreamy and *mal-a-propos*, that Frederick at last grew tired of talking to him, and neither were sorry when Edmund joined them, and the *tête-à-tête* came to an end.

Nevertheless, the little glimpse into the outside world did Reginald good. It "brightened him up," to use his own expression, and it made him more anxious than he had been before to resume his old habits, and put aside the indolence that had grown upon him more strongly than ever during his convalescence.

One cool, pleasant morning, when though looking pale and languid, he felt really better and stronger than he had done yet, Edmund advised a short stroll in the open air. The Earl consented, and they went down to the tiny garden, where Frederick immediately joined them and congratulated him with some effusion.

"You must feel like an emancipated prisoner," he said, presently, rather drily, as Edmund, seeing the postman drive up, returned to the hotel. "We shall have you starting off soon on some fresh expedition. Not that this last has been too successful, but luck will change."

"I am going straight home," said Reginald, somewhat shortly.

Frederick laughed. "Away from the peril of evil counsellors? is that it, Gletherton? Well, I must say, I half expected it. Charlton has got the upper hand, and means, depend upon it, to keep it." Then, as Reginald retorted rather warmly, "I am only warning you. I have no doubt you have been very good and reasonable these last few weeks; but there is no need to descend to leading-strings for the rest of your life. You are hipped, I dare say, but you will soon be right again. At least you will stay a week or so at Cannes, to recruit your health."

The words had a sound of raillery about them which Reginald did not like. "Quite impossible," he said, curtly.

"Charlton won't let you? Well, my dear fellow, we all know the adage:

The devil got sick, but——"

Reginald's cheek flushed. "I am much obliged to you, Frederick. I have no doubt for that matter that the devil had bad advisers when he got well again. My people have been very anxious, and I owe it to them to go home. Charlton moreover has duties in the 'House,' and I will not detain him from them any longer."

"And of course his vote will settle the business with both *Lords* and *Commons*," said Frederick, with a sneer, and then a silence followed which was only broken by Edmund's return, bringing letters from Lady Vivian and Mrs. Fitzgerald.

The next days passed away quickly; Reginald gaining strength with each, and daily spending more and more time in the open air, and even taking a few short drives and walks in preparation for the journey.

"I shall never forget my long weeks here," he said, when the day came, and having bidden farewell to Frederick, he lay back in the carriage which was to take him to the station, and turned his lazy blue eyes for the last time to the still lazier but distant sea, "nor my thankfulness for leaving—thus. I might have never left at all," he added, dreamily; and then, with a smile: "Better men than I have left their bones here."

Mr. Charlton smiled gravely; the thankfulness in his own heart was even greater than the Earl's. Still he spoke lightly: "Better men than you, Reginald? better boys you mean."

"I mean nothing of the kind. You are as bad as Henry Seaham. Besides, Edmund," in a persuasive tone, "you yourself acknowledged that the term could no longer be applied to me."

"I perceive I was mistaken."

"Now that is too bad," said Reginald; "you have many times hinted to me that I was not growing any better, but I never expected to hear from you that I had grown worse."

"In more ways than one I fear," said Edmund, with a sigh. "I do not know what Mrs. Fitzgerald will say to us."

"Nor I either," said the Earl, coolly. "I certainly don't do you credit." And with this final fling, he tossed the rugs around him and leaned back half sulkily, and possibly half penitently, looking furtively at his friend with sleepy half-closed eyes.

And then at last they reached the station, and ten minutes later were travelling slowly towards Marseilles.

Reviews.

I.—OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.¹

IN criticizing this work, one must in fairness keep constantly in mind the title selected by the author. He has called it *Outlines* of Dogmatic Theology. It does not aim at being a series of short treatises, like the great work of the Wirceburgenses in miniature. It does not even pretend to the scope of scholastic manuals like those of Perrone or Hurter. It confines itself to the tracing of *outlines*, and it is in these that the value of it consists. It is not meant to satisfy the theological appetite, but to arouse or create it. It is a whet, and not a *pièce de résistance*. Still for the many who, through lack of time or previous training, are incapacitated from making a systematic study of Theology as a science, Father Hunter's *Outlines* will probably supply as much and even more than they will ever be able to assimilate with benefit to themselves.

This is a remark which needs more especially to be borne in mind in criticizing the chapters which Father Hunter devotes to the most knotty and thorny treatise in Theology, the treatise on Grace. We can imagine that a good many readers who approach the book from the point of view of the professor of Theology or the ecclesiastical student, will wish that the learned author had seen his way to give us a fuller treatment of habitual sanctifying grace as that grace is distinguished from actual grace. To say the truth, this is a matter in which Father Hunter's usually clear exposition does not wholly satisfy us. He defines actual grace as being "a supernatural influence of God upon our soul, which God imparts by way of transient action, in order that the soul may do an act tending towards our supernatural end." In connection and contrast with this he speaks of habitual grace as an "abiding Divine influence." We would with submission suggest that he might have given to his

¹ *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology*. By Sylvester Joseph Hunter, of the Society of Jesus. Vol. iii. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1896.

readers a more clear idea of what habitual sanctifying grace really is, if he could have allowed himself to speak of the grace as it is not merely an *influence*, but a *quality*. To the present writer, the only view of habitual grace which commends itself, is that which regards it as a real created quality, a quality which inheres or cleaves to the essence of the soul, so that the person who possesses it is, in virtue of his possession of it, intrinsically holy, acceptable and well-pleasing to God, dear to God, a friend of God, an adoptive son of God, an heir of God, and a co-heir with Christ, with right and title to an inheritance among the saints in the everlasting glory of the eternal Kingdom of the Church Triumphant. We wish Father Hunter could have found space to develop these ideas, and to insist that this habitual sanctifying grace which is the counterpart and correlative, the earnest and the pledge of the future glory, inflows also to every human act of the human agent whom the possession of it has constituted in the supernatural order as a fruit-bearing branch and living member of Him who is the One True Vine. These are, to our thinking, important principles upon which it is hardly possible to lay too much stress. It may well be, however, that to the great majority of the readers whom the author has in view, it will appear that they are scholastic subtleties of the purest water, and that Father Hunter has been well advised in touching them but lightly. In any case he would probably urge, and urge with truth, that in the matter of Grace the definitions of faith are few, and that wide differences of opinion prevail among theologians of unquestioned orthodoxy.

After the treatise on Grace, the rest of the volume is comparatively plain sailing, especially on the subject of the sacraments. To much clear and solid dogmatic information, the author adds a great deal of interesting and instructive matter which is not usually to be found in dogmatic treatises, as, for instance, with regard to Anglican errors and Anglican Orders. He finishes his narrative of that most barren of all modern religious controversies with these trenchant sentences: "Rome has constantly for centuries treated it as certain that the Anglican clergy have no Orders. If they wish to be recognized as Catholic priests, they must be ordained without any condition. We must conclude either that Rome believes Anglican Orders to be certainly invalid, or that the Roman authorities have for centuries systematically countenanced a series of sacrileges." This reminds us of a merry anecdote. A

certain parson who was writing a book in defence of the validity of Anglican Orders, heard that there was an elderly Catholic priest of the old school who took a more favourable view of those Orders than that which was generally held by Catholic priests in England. He wrote at once and begged him to state his view in a letter such as might be printed in the forthcoming work. A reply came by return of post to the effect (1) that, in his opinion, there is in favour of the validity of Anglican Orders the *possibility* of an historical *doubt*. (2) That in holding this private opinion he was at issue with the rest of his clerical brethren, and (3) that his correspondent was quite at liberty to make any use he pleased of this statement.

We congratulate Father Hunter on the completion of his work, which he brings to an appropriate close with considerations on the Four Last Things. The excellent qualities of clearness, conciseness, freshness of illustration and treatment which have won a favourable reception for the two preceding instalments of the work, are not less conspicuously apparent in the volume before us. Whether Father Hunter has always been well advised in attempting to give English equivalents for the technical terms of theologians, we are not quite prepared to say. When, for instance, he tells us, in speaking of certain graces, "these, for want of a better word, we call *ingratiating*," we think he would have written more accurately, if less concisely, had he rendered *gratum faciens* by the phrase "that makes acceptable" rather than by the one word "ingratiating." There is often, it seems to us, a virtue in the crystallized phraseology of the schools which a living, and consequently fluid, language is powerless to preserve. But this is a large subject, and we should be sorry to produce the impression of fault-finding in regard of a work whose merits are in every way conspicuous.

2.—PSYCHIC PHILOSOPHY.¹

To the Catholic who studies the multifarious religious and philosophical systems outside the Church, there is nothing that comes home more forcibly than the hopelessness of attempting to construct a satisfactory theory of belief, or to solve the complex problems of the universe, without an infallible guide. The fair-sounding proposal that the unbiassed mind should

¹ *Psychic Philosophy, a Religion of Law.* By V. C. Desertis. With Introductory Note by A. R. Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.

venture forth boldly on the sea of knowledge, to make its way without prepossession or prejudice to the harbour of truth, is about as reasonable as it would be to send forth the solitary voyager on the boundless ocean, to make his way without chart or pilot to some distant port. The unaided searcher after truth is just as certain to lose his way as the traveller who lacks a guide. He either gives up the attempt as hopeless, and takes refuge in a despairing agnosticism, or else he lands on some shifting quicksand, which sooner or later gives way beneath his feet.

Among the countless quicksands which are strewn with the wrecks of many a noble bark is the system of psychic philosophy which is advocated in the interesting and clever volume lately published by Mr. Desertis. We do not believe that he has found a permanent resting-place in the curious system by which he attempts to explain the mysteries of human existence, or that one of his high aims and noble ideal of life can ever remain content with the strange mixture of truth and falsehood, of preternatural phenomena and rank imposture, that goes by the name of modern spiritualism.

Mr. Desertis starts with the mistaken idea that Christianity demands of us that we should sacrifice the legitimate claims of human reason to be our guide in life, to the demands of a tyrannical and irrational sacerdotalism. He entirely misconceives and misrepresents the teaching of the Catholic Church, and earns an easy victory by dwelling on its supposed absurdities. For instance—

The claims of the creeds are so entirely out of line with Nature's lessons that they are felt to be impossible; men have well-nigh given up trying to reconcile Religion and Science, and in spite of their sure instinct that neither can stand alone and independent, they tacitly or openly abandon the solution by referring them to different departments of the mind. The physical blood-atonement, the resurrection, the personal devil as the source of death and of evil, the local heaven and flaming hell, the eternal punishment of the wicked and the monotonous beatitude of the righteous, when translated into daily life and real language, are rejected at once as incredible.¹

Such a paragraph as this shows a complete misunderstanding of Catholic teaching. We can well suppose that one who imagines that the Catholic Church imposes on us dogmas from which reason revolts finds himself compelled to

¹ Pp. 12, 13.

seek for some more rational system elsewhere. It is an entirely false assumption to assert that we are required to accept anything that is out of line with Nature's lessons, or that the Christian Heaven is a "monotonous beatitude," or that a single Catholic dogma is "incredible," when translated into ordinary language. A similar fallacy runs in the following passage :

What more beautiful symbol of worship and adoration could be presented than that of the bending angels with wing-veiled faces, and the company of those who had come through the tribulation of life, casting their honour and glory in fealty before the throne of God? What more sublime image for the fact of the severance between the good and bad than the terrible picture of the Assize of the nations standing before the Ancient of days? How poor and tame if considered as liberal elders ceaselessly casting down metal crowns! How commonplace the interminable procession of sentence on millions of individuals from bulky books of record! These are the images and symbols of causes. There are no harps, nor wings, nor crowns, nor glassy sea; no visible fiery form of God, no great white throne, nor gathering for judgment; one part of the description is no more material than another. The whole is given to convey verities, for which words do not exist, by means of symbolism; and when we take the symbols for actualities we falsify the meaning.¹

How can Mr. Desertis believe that the countless men of genius and of sound sense who accept Christianity regard the "metal crowns" or "golden harps" as anything else than the nearest possible proximation to human language to convey the spiritual verities of which the material objects are but symbols?

But we are more immediately concerned with Mr. Desertis' own theory. It is not, and does not pretend to be, anything original. It is simply a clever exposition of the explanation of the government of the world that is propounded by modern spiritualists. The theology of spiritualism is pantheistic. The Christian God is set aside as a mere anthropomorphic conception. There is no future punishment and reward in the sense in which Christians employ the terms, but at death the spirit merely floats away from its covering of flesh, and enters on its career in the spirit world. It receives a new and etherialized body, and thus equipped consorts with those of the same temper and development in its new conditions of existence.

In spirit life all are free, yet each has his duty, which, there as here, he may do and reap peace and joy and fresh powers, or leave undone, and reap shame and sorrow and an empty life. . . . Lowest of all are

¹ P. 184.

the degraded spirits, who, unable to continue the foul acts of their earth-lives, hover round the scenes of vice and infamy they once knew, and urge others on to drink and fevered desire they once themselves delighted in, deriving a kind of secondary pleasure in seeing others follow the same ruin as their own.¹

Mr. Desertis has to confess that the spirits that cause the usual phenomena at *séances* are not, as a rule, those of a high order. They wait on the confines of the earth they have left with regret, ready to communicate with any one who will listen to them. What surprises us in Mr. Desertis is that he seems to set so much store by their utterances. He confesses that their style is "turgid," and their communications often exceedingly foolish; but he nevertheless seems to believe that they are a real revelation proceeding from beings who have greater experience and greater knowledge than ourselves. We can only account for this by the fact that the spirits propound a somewhat comfortable and tranquillizing system of theology which flatters human nature and has a shallow pretence of being more reasonable than doctrinal Christianity. It robs Christianity of its dogmatic foundation and of its power to mould the lives of men. Under the pretext of preaching a law of love and representing God as a God of love, it abolishes the powerful sanctions of the Divine law. It cuts at the root of all religion by proclaiming that there is no special efficacy in any one belief to the exclusion of all others. It is, in fact, exactly what we should expect from the cunning intelligence of beings who had themselves forfeited all hope of beholding the Divine Truth in its unveiled beauty, and sought to revenge themselves by imposing on others a system which robs God of His Majesty, and leaves in the world no sanctions at all sufficient to meet the fierce onset of passion, or to counteract the lowering influences of which the world is full. We again repeat that Mr. Desertis' book leaves on us the impression that his provisional attempt to explain the phenomena of life on the theory of spiritualism is but a passing phase of his mental development, and there are many passages in it which make us inclined to think that he himself is not satisfied with it. We have too strong a belief in his sincere desire after truth and in his evident ability, to imagine that he will find rest in the baseborn dreams of spiritualism. His rejection of Catholic dogma appears to be the result of a complete misunderstanding of what Catholic dogma really is.

¹ P. 215.

3.—LYRA HIERATICA.¹

As is intimated in the Preface, the object of this collection is devotional and didactic rather than literary, and the compiler cherishes a hope that it will find its place upon the *prie-dieu* rather than on the shelves of a library. It is his desire to awaken among all classes of the faithful a fuller sense of the dignity that is theirs, by reason of the supreme gift bestowed by God upon His Church, in which, according to their degree, all her children participate. He would help the laity to realize their own share in the priestly functions of those who stand at the altar, and their union with the Sovereign Pontiff, Jesus Christ. With those preparing for the priesthood, he trusts that his little book may serve to give warmth to abstract studies, to suggest high views of history, and nourish lofty aspirations; while, more than others, he especially dedicates it to his brother priests.

It is not, however, possible that in a selection of poems made by such a hand, the element of artistic merit, albeit made subordinate, should be lacking. Father Bridgett has sought his materials in many fields, having laid under requisition, amongst others whom we should more naturally expect to meet, Chaucer, Milton, Mrs. Hemans, Milman, and Longfellow, and he has endeavoured to rescue from oblivion pieces which, appearing originally in magazines, might easily be forgotten. He has, moreover, earned our gratitude by including many contributions of his own, and, if we mistake not, it is these, even more than the rest, which will secure for his anthology not only a wide popularity, but, still more, the result which he has set himself to seek. We subjoin one of his poems, not only as a sample of all, but as setting forth better than any words of description the scope and moral of the entire book.

A PRIEST'S PRAYER TO OUR LADY.

Mother of God, in thy surpassing grace
The Christian priest his glorious type may trace,
His functions study in thy life divine,
And blushing sigh for virtues like to thine.
What Holy Order to his soul should be
Was thy Conception's sanctity to thee;
A sacramental fount, a living well,
Whence all thy mighty stream of graces fell :—

¹ *Lyra Hieratica: Poems on the Priesthood.* Collected from many sources by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. London: Burns and Oates. 2s. 6d.

That purest love, which, in thy lowly womb,
 Made Heaven's great Exile find a royal home—
 That thrill of rapturous joy, when Jesus prest
 His infant lips upon thy Virgin Breast—
 That strength to bear thy more than martyr's sword,
 And murmur still : "The handmaid of the Lord."
 Then, Lady, look with pity upon one
 Who bears the priestly image of thy Son.

4.—A PRECURSOR OF RACINE.¹

The author tells us that his object in this book is to rescue from oblivion the memory of an unjustly neglected dramatic poet, Tristan L'Hermite. The poet we think fairly deserves the honour paid to him, but even apart from its main purpose the book would be valuable from the abundant if not always edifying information which it supplies about various famous personages of the time of Louis XIII., with whom Tristan was brought into contact. François L'Hermite, Sieur du Solier, who took the surname of Tristan, was born in 1601. He believed himself to be descended from the famous Tristan L'Hermite of the Court of Louis IX., and also collaterally from the equally celebrated Peter the Hermit, the preacher of the first Crusade. Dr. Bernardin considers this genealogy not proven, but there is still no reason to doubt that the poet came of ancient and noble families both on the father's and mother's side. When only seven or eight years old he was taken by Henri IV. to be brought up along with one of his illegitimate sons by the Marquise de Verneuil, and from thenceforth almost the whole of Tristan's life was passed in the household of some one or other of the great nobles of the time. His health was too delicate for a military career, and owing to an unhappy propensity for the gaming-table he was in a perpetual state of destitution. He was forced in consequence to lead the usual life of the literary parasites of that day, but though he imitated his contemporaries in offering poetical compliments to his patrons, he never stooped to servile flattery nor forgot what was due to himself and to those he addressed. When at last he found a permanent shelter under the hospitable roof of the Duc de Guise, the relief came too late. Consumption had slowly but surely done its work and death was near at hand.

¹ *Un Précurseur de Racine. Tristan L'Hermite, Sieur du Solier, 1601—1655.* Par N.M. Bernardin, Docteur des Lettres. Paris : Picard, 1895.

Notwithstanding his youthful excesses and his inveterate passion for gambling, he came back to the faith of childhood, and met death in peace.

In the second part of the volume Dr. Bernardin undertakes to justify Tristan's pretensions to be placed in comparison with Racine and Corneille, and he indicates the indebtedness of the former to Tristan's example and influence. A very full account is given of the dramatic and other works of the subject of this biography, and we may thank the author in this part of his task for a useful selection of extracts and for much judicious criticism. An Appendix contains some unprinted and little known poems and odes which the editor has discovered here and there among collections of seventeenth century poetry. Dr. Bernardin calls Tristan a precursor of Racine, and though like all precursors, Tristan was eclipsed by his successor, still without Tristan, Racine might possibly not have been Racine.

5.—SHORT STORIES.¹

These few unambitious romances are not without merit. They are healthy in tone, for the most part carefully written, and altogether, if not strikingly original, very readable. The first two on the list belong to a series which is entitled "The Catholic Library of Fiction," and which is published in monthly parts containing one complete story, at the extremely small cost of threepence per volume. If the other tales in the series come up to the standard of the two specimens before us, the venture deserves to be heartily supported; for cheap fiction is nowadays fiction of the worst kind, and any attempt to produce inexpensive novelettes which shall be both attractive and harmless is most commendable. The authoress of *A Day of Reckoning* has a pleasant sense of humour, and Mrs. (or Miss) Mary Cross knows how to tell an entertaining story. Neither the former nor the latter has encumbered her work with the discussion of theological subtleties, as might be imagined. The Library appears to be called Catholic only because the tales it contains are quite free from any harmful tendencies. The volume of short stories from the pen of Magdalen Rock, which belongs to a different series, displays considerable constructive

¹ *A Day of Reckoning*. By Monica Tregarthen. *A Life Between*. By Mary Cross. *Nellie's Lover, and other Stories*. By Magdalen Rock. Aberdeen: Moran and Co.

ability, not that any of the stories have that unity which is so essential in works of the kind. But of course it is unfair to judge our authoress too critically or to expect her to be as skilled in her craft as, say, Kipling or Anthony Hope. If her stories are intended solely to amuse not very critical readers, they no doubt serve.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE book entitled *Tan-Ho*¹ (and we are at a loss to imagine why "Tan-Ho" was selected in preference to "Yan-Ko" or any like combination) is not one of which we can speak very highly. It is called "a tale of travel and adventure;" though we must say that for information about the places in which the scenes of the story are laid, we prefer a guide-book, and that we have been wholly unable to discover any incidents which might even charitably be regarded as adventure. It is idle to complain of the absence of plot, of characters, of all human interest. We will only admit that we have been occasionally amused by the author's English, content ourselves with giving a few specimens of his style, and promise any patient reader that many more, equally diverting, are to be found.

As examples of English as she is spoken by our author: (1) "Giacomo occasionally takes with him his violin, with which he entertains the company." (2) "I like much the climate of the Indies." (3) "A maid entered the room bearing a message, requiring elsewhere her mistress's presence." (4) "He returned for his head-gear and had become philosophical enough to take also his cloak." (5) "Thinking he might meet there with his cousin."

As examples of our author's lucidity of style: (1) "'Rembrandt! indeed!' cried he, 'was a magician of subtle painting. Those pictures have a mysterious fancy that he drew in his father's mill near Leyden on the Rhine. The Dutchman had an expensive passion for the possession of art of all descriptions,'" and so on. (2) "There, seated on a couch, with her mother and another lady, was Geraldine Struror, looking like a naïad

¹ *Tan-Ho*. By S. T. Crook. London: Burns and Oates.

of the woods, in a robe of white with an Indian sash, a wreath of violets in her golden hair."

As an example of our author's rhetoric: "'You will find the *château* but a dull place, I fear; but right welcome shall you be, as welcome as the dew on the herbs at the setting of the sun.'"

And, finally, as an example of our author's *prose*: "The ship moved on, the waves rolled mountains high, and many a prayer for those on board was wafted to the sky."

Need we quote more? We think not.

Our first impression on taking up this volume¹ of short stories by Maria Nethercott, is that in Aberdeen at least book-binding is a lost art. It is greatly to be deplored that publishers who attempt to provide the public with fiction at a small cost, will not conscientiously endeavour to turn out volumes which shall be attractive to the hands and eyes as well as to the feelings. The three tales have, we are informed, previously appeared in high-class English magazines. And we are not surprised, because they display some skill in unfolding romances of the weirdly Celtic pattern. But we venture to suggest that they might have been produced in collected form, with some regard to their merits. They really deserved a better fate.

Miss Mulholland's novel, *A Striking Contrast*,² is an agreeable book in which the interest in the plot is sustained throughout. But the authoress must be on her guard, when writing a work of fiction, against taking her readers too much into her confidence. Such a practice is of course imperative in a drama, where any attempt to mystify the audience is attended with considerable danger. In fiction, however, it is otherwise. When you can succeed in keeping your readers as much in the dark as your characters are supposed to be, you have achieved a notable triumph. Yet Miss Mulholland, as we have said, makes us interested in her tale from start to finish, though any school-boy—not necessarily endowed with as much intelligence as Macaulay's traditional article—who had read the first four chapters of *A Striking Contrast*, would be able correctly to forecast the remaining twenty-four. But it is probable that he would peruse every page in order to see if his expectations were right. Having said this much, we think we have given a fair

¹ *The Tenants of the Gray House*, and other Stories. By Maria Nethercott. Aberdeen: Moran and Co., 1895.

² *A Striking Contrast*. By Clara Mulholland. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1895.

estimate of the merits and defects of Miss Mulholland's well-written story.

The Catholic Truth Society continues active as usual. In *The Reunion of Christendom*¹ are collected together in convenient form various documents which should be familiar to all Catholics—an English version of Pope Leo XIII.'s Letter to the English People; the Cardinal Archbishop's addresses on the subject to the Catholic Conferences at Preston, Bristol, and Birmingham; and the Bishop of Clifton's three lectures on Reunion—forming altogether an admirable handbook.

Poems on England's Reunion with Christendom,² edited by Father Bridgett, endeavours in another way to promote the same holy work.

The Church and Labour,³ by Abbot Snow, O.S.B., deals with another burning question, and one to which the Holy Father has in a special manner directed the attention of his children. The four lectures here reproduced were originally delivered last Advent, at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark.

In *Catholica*,⁴ Mr. Costelloe reprints several of his excellent addresses to non-Catholics: "The Church Catholic," "The Mass," and "The Church of the Catacombs," with other papers of his similar in scope—"The Teaching of the Twelve," "Frederick Ozanam," and "The Abuse of Indulgences."

A Life's Struggle,⁵ by Lady Herbert of Lea, is a story of a clerical conversion, which we are told is in the main true, and in which obedience to the call of God meets with a reward in this life which certainly is not the universal rule in similar cases.

Another tale, *The Rock of Ages*,⁶ by "M. M.," likewise deals with a conversion, this time of an artist, but can scarcely be said to treat the topic in a satisfactory manner. The motives which make a Catholic of the hero, Gilbert Black, are so vaguely sketched as to be scarcely comprehensible, and the abrupt conclusion makes the purely human element far the most prominent feature of the story. We notice also a good deal of carelessness in the writing; when it is said, for instance, that "a beautiful

¹ *The Reunion of Christendom*. One Shilling.

² *Poems on England's Reunion with Christendom*. Edited by Father Bridgett. Twopence.

³ *The Church and Labour*. By Abbot Snow, O.S.B. Twopence.

⁴ *Catholica*. Eightpence.

⁵ *A Life's Struggle*. By Lady Herbert of Lea. Sixpence.

⁶ *The Rock of Ages*. By M. M. Library of Catholic Tales (XXII.). One Penny.

woman ought to have a beautiful room, and *vice versa*," the meaning of the words is that a beautiful room ought to have a beautiful woman; but the phrase is interpreted to mean that a plain woman should have an ugly room.

*The Holy Rosary in the New Testament*¹ excellently carries out an admirable idea, that of showing, as is said in its Preface, that "the Rosary is, in fact, an abridgment of the New Testament, a 'little New Testament' in itself, condensed into fifteen brief chapters." For this purpose the various Mysteries are described in the very words of Scripture; but it may be noted that in one instance, the Assumption, these are from the Old Testament (the Canticle of Canticles). This little book should do much to spread still more a devotion always dear to Catholics, and of late years commended to them so earnestly by the Vicar of Christ himself.

With this may be mentioned *The Seven Words of our Saviour upon the Cross*,² short meditations from the pen of Father Sabine Chambers, S.J.

A penny Life of Cardinal Manning, compiled from the sketches by Dr. Gasquet, Father Morris, S.J., and Mr. Kegan Paul, is a fitting tribute to "the people's Cardinal," and forms a welcome addition to the excellent Biographical Series.

Another Mexican Myth,³ by Father Thurston, S.J., is in the main the reprint of an article which appeared in THE MONTH, March, 1894, in which, as our readers will remember, one particular instance of a familiar anti-Catholic fiction was ruthlessly exposed. Recently, however, fresh evidence has made it possible to exhibit still more clearly, not only the absurdity of the story told to the Protestant public, but the bad faith of those who, when confronted with unimpeachable evidence, refuse to retract their slanderous assertions; and a summary of this forms a telling addition to what even in its original form was a thorough and complete exposure of various representatives of the Protestant Alliance.

The champion pamphleteer of the same body, Mr. C. H. Collette, is dealt with by Mr. Allnatt in a leaflet, *Mr. Collette on St. Peter*,⁴ which replies to various characteristic utterances of that ignorant and unscrupulous controversialist. "Heaven

¹ *The Holy Rosary in the New Testament.* One Penny.

² *The Seven Words of our Saviour upon the Cross.* One Penny.

³ *Another Mexican Myth.* By Father Thurston, S.J. One Penny.

⁴ *Mr. Collette on St. Peter.* By C. F. B. Allnatt. One Halfpenny.

and earth fight in vain against a goose," observed a German sage, and we fear that to expend rational argument upon Mr. Collette is labour in vain, so far as he himself is concerned. The prominence given to his effusions, however, by those whom he serves, makes it necessary to furnish an antidote for the benefit of others who may be open to reason.

We have also from the Catholic Truth Society *Joan of Arc*,¹ a lecture for use with the magic-lantern, by Mrs. Nolan-Slaney.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (March 7, 1896.)

Italy and Africa. The Pelasgic Hittites. The Exiled Spanish Jesuits in Italy. The Restoration of the Society of Jesus as related by Cardinal Pacca. Ricordo Materno. Reviews. Bibliography. Chronicle.

——(March 14, 1896.)

Italy and Africa. Modern Botany. The Position of Women in the East Indies. The alleged suffocation of Italian genius in the Middle Ages. Ricordo Materno. Reviews. Archæology. Chronicle.

The ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (March 14, 1896.)

Clari and his Latest Historian. *Father Chérot, S.J.* Historical Pictures: A Passover at the Temple. *Father Brou, S.J.* Gresset. *Father Delaporte, S.J.* The Struggle for Life and Inoculation. *Father Martin, S.J.* Dr. Pusey (conclusion). *Father Bremond, S.J.* Is Faith within the reach of all? *Father Tourenebize, S.J.* French Literature in the Seventeenth Century. *Father Longhaye, S.J.* The Society of Foreign Missions. *Father Brucker, S.J.* Letters from Madagascar. *Fathers Fontanié and de Villèle, S.J.* Chronicle.

¹ *Joan of Arc.* By Mrs. Nolan-Slaney. Fourpence.

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